

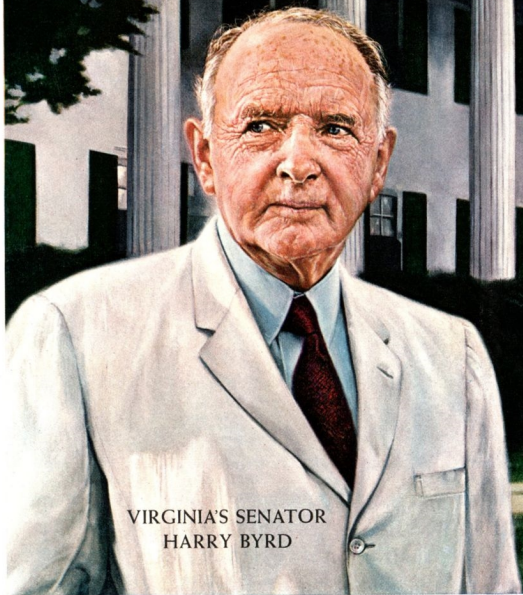
TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

AUGUST 17, 1962

CONGRESS & KENNEDY: DEFIANCE

TIME

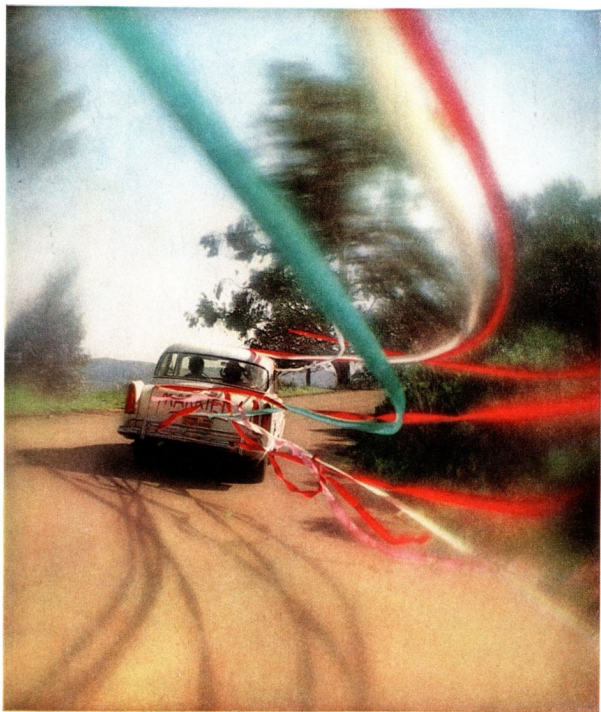
THE WEEKLY NEWS MAGAZINE



VIRGINIA'S SENATOR
HARRY BYRD

VOL. LXXX NO. 7

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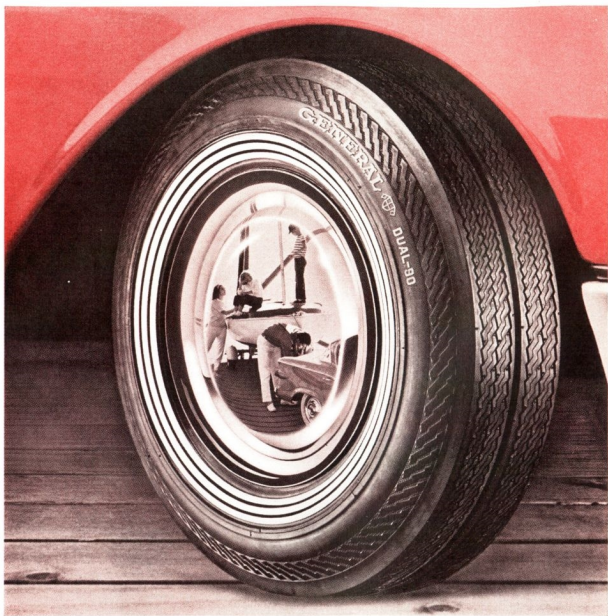
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Q. What should a woman hide from a man?

A. If you don't get up very early in the morning, and he does, you must say "I love getting up very early in the morning and going for a walk." And it works!

Q. What about a woman who says to her husband—

A. Ah, there you are speaking of marriage! I am speaking of before marriage.

DAVID SCHOENBRUN

Melina & Mercuri

in Esquire, person to person. Still titillating, today's Esquire. Telling. Revelatory. Emancipated.

The only challenge Kennedy has failed to accept was that of an Indian who offered to shoot a cigarette out of his mouth with a .22 bullet. "He would have done that," a friend has said, "but Teddy doesn't smoke."

Ted Kennedy

as picked over in Esquire with the nib of Thomas Morgan's stiletto-point pen. Among other sages and pundits analyzing contemporary manners, mores and mammals: Richard H. Rovere, Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., Jessica Mitford, James Baldwin, Evelyn Waugh, C. Northcote Parkinson, Phyllis McGinley. A magazine of many viewpoints, today's Esquire.

Half a jigger each of gin and Cointreau, three fourths jigger of orange juice, one fourth lemon juice. Shake, serve on the rocks, and snap a shillelagh.

TIM COSTELLO

mixes one of the Bottlestoppers that has ruled such New Yorkers as Thurber, Hemingway and McNulty into his Third Avenue saloon. Discriminating, this magazine of potables and edibles. Separates gastronomic and gourmet from gulper.

My boiling point? When I've opened a door for a woman (usually in a store) and she doesn't say "Thank you."

Sir Alec Guinness

in Esquire's Self-Portrait Department, a sort of do-it-yourself psychoanalysis that's seen some varied figures on the Esquire couch: Bing Crosby, Westbrook Pegler, Huntington Hartford, Brendan Behan, Miles Davis, Federico Fellini.

Few today follow Christian doctrines—fortunately. Were they to do so, our Gross National Product would plummet downward. In contemporary circumstances, Christianity can only go on existing as a religion so long as it is not practised.

Malcolm Muggeridge

plans for The First Church of Christ Economist. A journal of iconoclasm, today's Angry Young Esquire—to the delight of readers who yearn for satire and wit as quotable as Pope and Swift.



pretty

PAMELA TIFFIN

in Esquire, the magazine that never tires of girl-watching.

Dr. Allen B. Dumont

in Esquire unveils his design for the perfect control panel for power cruisers. Among other features: an electronic telescope that "sees" in both night and haze simultaneously. Forward-looking, this magazine of sport adventure and travel.

I was just eleven, remember. There are things, circumstances, conditions in the world which should not be there, but are, and you can't escape them even if you had the choice, since they too are a part of Motion, of participating in life, being alive. But they should arrive with grace, decency. I was having to learn too much too fast, unassisted. I had nowhere to put it, no receptacle, pigeon-hole prepared yet to accept it without pain and lacerations...

William Faulkner

in Esquire, previews his new novel, *The Reivers*. Critic Paul Engel characterized Esquire as one of the few magazines that still publishes superior fiction. He might have added that Esquire is the only magazine of its kind that regularly publishes complete plays. Among most recent offerings: Chayefsky's *Gideon* and Williams' *The Night of the Iguana*.

And then there is something called *Mistress of Mellyn* by one Victoria Holt. It is derived from *Jane Eyre* as painstakingly as a finger-print is derived from the butt of a gun.

DOROTHY PARKER

in Esquire, reviews a recent book. Other regulars in Esquire armed with similarly efficient poisoned darts: Dwight Macdonald (films), Martin Mayer (hi-fi and records), Joseph Wechsberg (gastronomy), Bob Daley (sports), Dick Joseph (travel), Gore Vidal (life in general).

Warden Lewis E. Lawes of Sing Sing, an expert foe of the death penalty, once said that in order to be executed in America a person had to be three things: poor, a man, and black.

WILLIAM STYRON

in Esquire, writing the kind of article that has made even so stern a critic as John Crosby acknowledge that Esquire is "writing heady, challenging, irritating, alive journalism."

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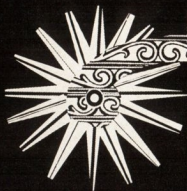
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tions. But the great majority read the same Sunday newspaper and the same Sunday magazine, recognizing the depth and dimension of the news reporting in both.

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get a look at the size of those drinks. What's more, there are darn few women around to make faces when you light a cigar. Of course, all Schrafft's Restaurants aren't like this, and we wouldn't change them for anything. Our ladies love them. You may not. So don't go there. Go to the Men's Grill in the Chrysler

Building or the one in the Esso Building. Or to the Pioneer Room in the Schrafft's at 625 Madison. Or the Walnut Room in the Schrafft's at 3rd & 47th. Or to any of the other patriarchal Schrafft's Restaurants around town. They're great. No kidding. SCHRAFFT'S RESTAURANTS FOR MEN / SCHRAFFT'S

LETTERS

Marilyn

Sir: The tragic death of Marilyn Monroe, whether accidental or otherwise, emphasizes the potential danger of having sleeping pills within easy access of the bed.

In nearly a third of a century of practice, I have seen patients in a semi-stupor condition after the first dose repeat it once or several times, with no self-destructive intent because they were not fully conscious.

It would be wise to keep these medications as far as possible from the sleeping quarters, preferably on another floor.

H. PAUL JOHNSON, M.D.
Canon City, Colo.

Sir:

We here in Los Angeles heard the first announcement of the tragic death of Marilyn Monroe about midmorning on Sunday, Aug. 5.

As a subscriber to TIME, I receive each issue in the mail on Tuesday morning—this time on the morning of Aug. 7.

It seems incredible to me, as to others, that you could have included this item of news so quickly to be received by your readers all over the country in less than two days' time.

An explanation to your readers would be most interesting and informative.

FRANCES WAGNER

Los Angeles

► TIME editors also heard the news Sunday morning after the magazine had gone to press. Contributing Editor Barry Farrell was called in to write the obituary, and the press run was interrupted long enough to insert the article. More than 88% of TIME's copies carried the news.—En.

Sir:

Within hours after her death, Marilyn Monroe faced her Last Judgment at the hands of TIME magazine. In quick, merciless thrusts your writer depicted early guilt, perverted dreams, and a "kittenish romance." It advanced a "death long in coming," "self-doubt," and just plain "body."

Who asked this writer to play God? And such a God—who sees only the public image, only the sensational, only the body? Who dares to judge a human being, the person Marilyn? "Judge not that ye be not judged." The real Last Judgment may reveal a much wider responsibility for this death—it may even reveal you and me.

(THE REV.) MARTIN L. DEPPE

Mandell Methodist Church
Chicago

Sir:

Back in 1936 TIME ran a cover picture of Marilyn Monroe. It didn't emphasize her curves; it was simply a portrait of her head. I and others too said then, "Truly, she is the most beautiful woman in the world."

Why don't you rerun that picture this week? It was a lovely one.

RAY L. COMSTOCK

Wheaton, Ill.



TIME COVER, MAY 14, 1956

Sir:

Such venom, such malignity, such vindictiveness, such cold-blooded malevolence must, indeed, have curdled the blood of the author of "The Only Blonde in the World."

I read the article as this poor butterfly, broken on the wheel, was being placed in her grave and was outraged at such complete lack of common charity.

Better to have had the understanding of Thomas Hood, when he wrote:

One more Unfortunate

Wear of breath

Rashly importunate,

Gone to her death!

Take her up tenderly,

Lift her with care;

Fashioned so slenderly,

Young, and so fair!

(MRS.) ADA R. CORDER

Salt Lake City

Sir:

Thank you, TIME, for an enlightening final tribute to Marilyn Monroe. This scholarly talent, imbued with maturity and good taste, was I'm sure a boon to her many friends and fans here in the golden land of sunshine and yellow journalism.

WALT DAVIDSON

Beverly Hills, Calif.

For & Against Humanity

Sir:

The article on Sherri Finkbine and her desire for a legal abortion [TIME, Aug. 5] appears to be written very objectively, to my great amazement. Could it be possible that TIME condones her desire for an abortion?

As a human being, I ask you not to approve of Mrs. Finkbine's efforts but to criticize them. To me abortion is an act against humanity.

ALBERTA SABATINO

Brooklyn

Sir:

Nuts to your biased approach to the Sherri Finkbine case. As mother of none, may I present another angle? I would be only too glad to be given a fifty-fifty chance to bear a normal child. I would gratefully accept a deformed child.

After several fruitless years of visiting specialists, my husband and I have little sympathy for the Finkbines.

(MRS.) ANNE DIEFENBACHER

Dubuque, Iowa

Sir:

Re the Finkbine business: the late Dr. Lansing Wells was born with flipperlike arms and only a few fingers on each hand.

How fortunate for the U.S. Bureau of Standards that its distinguished scientist was not murdered before he was born!

RICHARD W. NAGLE

Lieutenant, U.S.A.

APO, New York

► Dr. Wells (1892-1954) received his Ph.D. in chemistry from the University of Illinois in 1919, joined the Bureau of Standards in 1930 as a mining production chemist. He lived a full and active life using both of his "hands" for writing, swimming, smoking and playing golf. At his job he deftly manipulated the tricky analytic balance, the chemist's scale. At the time of his death, Wells had become a chief chemist and consultant for the bureau, is remembered as a "useful contributing scientist."—En.

Sir:

Every grateful American should acclaim Dr. Frances Oldham Kelsey Woman of the Year.

LYNN TOWNSEND

River Vale, N.J.

Wrong Clue

Sir:

Your article about the first successful Nike-Zeus interception of a special target vehicle borne aloft by an Atlas ICBM [TIME, July 27] stated that "the onrushing Atlas ICBM actually carried a transmitter to clue the slender, 48-ft. Nike-Zeus bird on the target."

This statement is not true. Equipment carried by the target vehicle was completely incapable of affecting, favorably or unfavorably, the performance of the Nike-Zeus.

ARTHUR SYLVESTER

Assistant Secretary of Defense.

Washington, D.C.

► TIME erred. The Atlas device was a "missile distance indicator" to enable ground stations

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to tell how close the Nike-Zeus came to the target during the intercept.—Ed.

Gulbenkian's Money

Sir:

RE TIME People item, July 27: could you make it clearer to your readers that in the 1959 BBC interview and in my recent successful law case in London, my complaints were not that the trustees of my late father's foundation were withholding a part of my inheritance as you stated, but rather that the administrators "are not the people he wanted, are not running it as he wanted, and you cannot get proper accounts out of them."

Some are drawing remuneration of £10,000 each (\$28,000) per annum, whereas the will provided £4,000 (\$11,200). Ford Foundation trustees receive only \$4,000 each, and the Rockefeller trustees do it for nothing.

NUBAR GULBENKIAN

London

Father Flye

Sir:

Around here, from Jumpoff to Tickbush and from Lost Cove to Thumping Dick Hollow, we thought your feature on the James Agee letters to Father Flye [TIME, Aug. 3] magnificently done. It was a tribute well deserved by them both.

Nothing was said, however, of any letters Father Flye might have written to James Agee. Herrabouths we considered Father Flye the greatest correspondent since the 18th century.

Something might have been said of Father Flye's special mission in teaching. His life was dedicated to gifted boys. On the edge of our mountain here, overlooking the majestic slopes of Crow Creek Valley, stand the ruins of Father Flye's great dream, a school for gifted children.

What a pity it is that the academy never opened, but what a glory it is that he lived to see one of his boys achieve the recognition that TIME and Pulitzer have accorded.

ARTHUR BEN CHITTY

The University of the South
Sewanee, Tenn.

► After Agee's death, Father Flye recovered some 35 letters out of the 200 he had written the author through the years. He did not think there were enough of them or that they were important enough to include in the volume of Agee letters.—Ed.

Just Plain Bill

Sir:

RE the man behind the BBC's administrative baton [TIME, Aug. 10]: even Liberace has a first name, but what is Glock's? Could it be Net Thrower Glock, Pianist Glock or Tastemaker Glock?

LEON M. BRYAN

Oakland, Calif.

► His name is William.—Ed.

Letters to the Editor should be addressed to TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N.Y.

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TIME, AUGUST 17, 1962

A letter from the PUBLISHER

Bernhard M. Auer



GOV. BYRD
 OCT. 15, 1928



SEN. BYRD
 MAY 13, 1935

SOME people reach the cover of TIME on the spur of a sudden event; others are chosen at the capstoning moment of a long career. Still others belong to a category of "cover-worthy" candidates whose familiar names are continually under consideration, but for one reason or another in the random play of the news, never make our cover.

Senator Harry Byrd's case is an unusual one. It has been 27 years since he last appeared on TIME's cover, and yet in the intervening years he has been continually in the news and rarely out of consideration as a cover possibility. It may well be that no other man has had such intervals between appearances.

In TIME's earlier days, before the cover story became a thoroughly researched documentary, the man out front was often someone with a timely but transient surfacing in the news, and the story inside was only a column or two long. Those earlier stories read like period pieces now—but have a carefree and pleasing chattiness about them. The first Byrd cover, Oct. 25, 1928, is mostly about a Governor's Ball in Richmond, and talks almost as much about Lady Astor's homecoming to Virginia as it does about the hero. ("Governor Byrd's widest claim to fame is his brotherhood with Richard Evelyn Byrd, famed flyer over far poles.") The May 13, 1935, Byrd cover story is devoted to the New Deal farm program, with some references to Senator Byrd's attack on it—and is illustrated by eight snapshots of Agri-

culture Secretary Henry A. Wallace and his aides, but no picture of Byrd.

Much of the reporting for this week's cover story was done by Loye Miller Jr., 32, who came back huffing and puffing from a brisk, 75-minute early morning walk with the 75-year-old Senator Byrd. They got along fine: Miller comes from the South (his father is editor of the Knoxville *News-Sentinel* and he himself broke in on the *Charlotte Observer*). Reporter Miller, one of TIME's two congressional correspondents, got well adjusted to the ways of Senators in the months he spent whistle-stopping across the U.S. with Lyndon Johnson, and tagging along with him to such outposts as India and Berlin.

BACK in February, TIME was the first U.S. lay publication, and ahead of most of the professional journals, in reporting on the dangers of thalidomide. We learn now that our story had a special impact on Japan. The foreign news editor of the *Japan Times*, Tomisumi Harada, likes to read TIME aloud to his wife, Sayo. Hearing the "Sleeping Pill Nightmare" (TIME, Feb. 23), Mrs. Harada, the mother of two, "had to do something. So for the first time in my life I composed a letter to a newspaper." Japan's largest newspaper, *Asahi Shimbun*, working from TIME's story, spent three months making its own investigation in Europe, and checking with Japanese manufacturers. Result: all five manufacturers of thalidomide in Japan voluntarily stopped making the pills.

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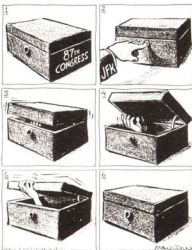
Frustration

The second session of the Democratic 87th Congress was seven months and four days old. From John F. Kennedy's point of view it had accomplished almost nothing, and was not likely to improve on that record. Frustrated and disappointed, but determined to get political ammunition if not action, the President was still calling on the Congress to get to work.

Of a great spate of Administration-sponsored bills, only one of any substance has been passed so far by both houses—a measure to provide job retraining for unemployed workers. Aside from that, almost all the Administration's highly touted proposals are either dead or dying—medicare, a Cabinet-level Department of Urban Affairs, farm program, tax revision. Realistically, about the best the President can hope for from now on is favorable action on his expanded foreign trade program, and on a foreign aid bill of sorts.

With this state of affairs fairly obvious to all, the President last week met with Democratic congressional leaders and presented them with a list of ten "must" measures to be passed before session's end. Senate Republican Leader Everett Dirksen allowed that Congress would still be working in October if the must list

were really pushed. "Is he kidding?" asked Dirksen. As if to prove that someone is certainly kidding, the main item of congressional business at week's end was the resumption of a filibuster by a group of Senate Democratic liberals against an Administration bill to set up a corporation to develop and operate a space-satellite communications system.



VAUGHN © 1962 FIELD ENTERPRISES, INC.

Nowhere was the Democratic Administration's problem with the Democratic Congress more evident than in its continuing hesitation about asking for a quick tax cut this year. All week long, Administration stalwarts testified on the issue before Capitol Hill committees. When the various statements and opinions were compared side by side, they did not seem to agree with one another, but then they did not really seem to disagree either. New York's Republican Senator Jacob Javits, who favors a cut now to pep up the economy, hooted that the President has shown "agonizing indecision."

Frustration is a better word. Relaxing at week's end in Maine, Kennedy could not forget that the 87th has already made a shambles of his program. Astute politician that he is, he knew that the question whether there would be a tax cut was not in his power of decision. That power rested with the stalemated, defiant Congress. And in that Congress it is actually the veteran Democratic leaders who have been most effective in their opposition to the New Frontier's proposals.



WEEKENDING IN MAINE
No time for indecision.

THE CONGRESS

Giving Them Fits

(See Cover)

It is 7 a.m. in Washington, D.C. Through the deserted lobby of the Shoreham Hotel moves an elderly man with a brown cane. He sets out at a brisk pace into the morning mist that still mantles Rock Creek Park. His shoes are scuffed, his trousers baggy, his shirt frayed. He is alone, and he is happy.

Not many people know this side of the man. He is perhaps most content while walking through a park—or climbing to the top of Old Rag, his favorite mountain in the Blue Ridge chain. Up there he may be alone—as he often is—but in a political and philosophical sense, he will be master of all he surveys. "I love these mountains," says Virginia's Senator Harry Flood Byrd. "I like to look out over the ridges and valleys and watch the changing shadows."

Symbol of Rebellion. The shadows are changing for Harry Byrd. He is 75. His Senate career spans the New Deal and the New Frontier. "I am," he says in wry pride, "the only man left in the Senate who voted against the Wagner Act and the TVA." Throughout his career, he has been fighting against burgeoning bureaucracy and bloating budgets. It galls him that during his three decades in the Senate the public debt has swelled from \$23 billion to \$298 billion, and the number of federal employees has grown from 380,000 to 1,300,000. This is an issue about which Byrd, far from being resigned with the passing of the years, is still expertly indignant. Last week he jabbed a finger at a sheet of statistics on his cluttered desk and complained: "The civilian employment in Government went up 35,000 in just the last month." Jab, jab, jab went the finger. "Just think of that—35,000 in the last month!"

It is an irony that, as he hears the end of his political life (Byrd says nothing about the subject, but friends give odds that he will not run for re-election in



HUGH HAYNIE—LOUISVILLE COURIER-JOURNAL

"WELL, WE COULD TRY A FIRESIDE CHAT"



SENATOR BYRD ON A BLUE RIDGE PEAK
A dollar, he thinks, ought to be worth a dollar.

1964), Harry Byrd has arrived at a crest of effective power and influence. He has, in fact, become a symbol of the Capitol Hill rebellion against the young activist who lives at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue.

Old Harry Byrd is rather fond of young Jack Kennedy. "He's a very attractive person," says the Senator from Virginia. "He's got ability, no doubt about that." The President of the U.S. returns the compliment—in a way. "You know," he has said, "Harry Byrd is the most gracious person you'd want to meet. But does he give us fits?"

Fits is the word for what Byrd is giving the New Frontier. Items:

► The President's medicare bill theoretically had to go through the Senate Finance Committee—and Chairman Byrd was characteristically against the measure. Byrd does not like to simply pigeonhole a bill, no matter how much he may dislike it. That would be politically crude. But first things come first, and Byrd scheduled lengthy hearings on tax revision before medicare. Desperate to get medicare through the Senate and thus pressure the House (where the measure faced a savage fight), the Administration decreed that medicare be tacked onto a less important bill and be brought to a Senate vote without ever being considered by Byrd's committee. But in the gentleman's club that is the U.S. Senate, it is very risky for anyone to try an end run around such senior members as Byrd. By a Senate vote of 52 to 48, medicare died a premature death and the Administration suffered a sobering defeat.

► In the controversial area of tax policy, Byrd is playing a key role. Before going to the Senate floor, the New Frontier's tax-revision program was butchered by Byrd's Finance Committee. Sliced away was the Administration's scheme to require financial and business firms to withhold taxes due on interest and dividends. Says Byrd: "I'm firmly opposed to the idea of the Government using the businesses of the country as collection agencies for taxes."

► As for a quick 1962 tax cut, Byrd is stubbornly negative. His opposition is one of the reasons why President Kennedy, except at the cost of gallons of political blood, could not hope to get such a tax slash through. Byrd's position: he would like a tax cut as much as anyone—but not if it means running the U.S. deeper and deeper into debt. His implacable stand won support in a recent Gallup poll which reported that 72% of the people opposed a tax cut if it meant increasing the national deficit.

► The Administration's foreign trade bill—the boldest and best program the New Frontier has yet put forth—is still up for consideration by Byrd's committee. Scores of protectionist witnesses have testified or are still waiting in line. On the basis of Byrd's record, the White House supposes that he favors the bill. But there is still a gnawing at Administration innards about what Byrd may finally decide to do. It should come as considerable comfort to New Frontiersmen to know that Byrd privately says: "I'm going to support the President on the trade bill."

The congressional record for 1962 is proof enough of Byrd's present influence. But how and why, in the twilight of his political life, has Byrd come into his most effective political period?

The answer, of course, lies in the political climate of the day. President Kennedy has so far shown himself to be much more adept at activity than at achievement, to think in terms of politics rather than principles. Despite his personal popularity, the President has yet to win popular support for his programs. As no one else can, the veterans of the House and Senate sense this gap between promise and performance.

Wanderers & Wonderers. Thus, there has clearly been a failure in leadership at the White House level. On the floors of the Senate and the House, the Democratic leadership has been equally ineffectual. Many members of the lopsided Democratic majorities in the Senate and the House have therefore felt free to vote accord-

ing to their own, local political interests.

In such an atmosphere, leadership must inevitably be taken over by the few legislators who really know what they stand for. Byrd knows what he stands for. So does everyone else. Byrd believes that a dollar should be worth a dollar. This is still a popular notion in the U.S. And so, in one of the most crucial of all areas, Byrd has become a kind of unwavering banner around which the wanderers and the wonderers of Capitol Hill can rally.

One of the Last. In many ways, Byrd seems a complex of contradictions. To his critics, he is the symbol of public stinginess; to his friends, he is the soul of private generosity. In Washington he walks alone; but at the entrance to his magnificent Rosemont estate in Berryville, Va., is a sign saying "Visitors Welcome"—and the Senator has been known to spend entire afternoons escorting unknown callers around the vast premises. In the Senate club, Byrd stands in the center of the innermost circle, but he is far from being one of the boys. He dislikes and avoids cloakroom politics; but many of the cloakroom politicians are nowadays holding his coat.

Democrat Byrd has declined to actively support the Democratic nominees in the last six presidential elections; yet he is the active leader and patron saint of the most enduring state Democratic organization in the U.S. He was one of the several Democrats that Franklin Roosevelt would have liked to purge from the Congress. But Byrd considers himself a sort of charter member of the Roosevelt club. "I'm one of the last of the old New Dealers," he says, with only the tiniest twinkle of humor. "I campaigned for the New Deal platform in 1932—and I'm still standing on it." It takes a moment or so for a listener to recall that Roosevelt's 1932 campaign program promised federal frugality—including a cut of 25% in the cost of Federal Government.

While these political positions may seem inconsistent, Byrd's complete consistency is the secret of his increasing

political strength. Democrat Harry Byrd is stronger if only because Democrat John F. Kennedy's Administration, for all its brave words, seems weaker.

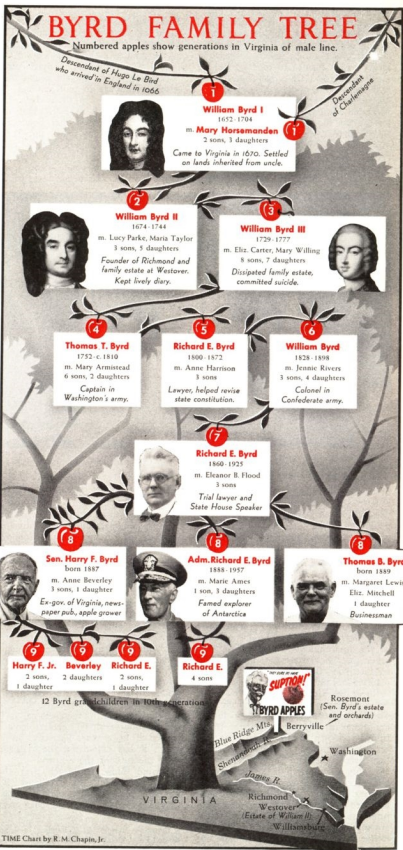
A Bunch of Bills. The most famous family name in the U.S. today is Kennedy. But the Byrds can overwhelm the Kennedys with escutcheons. Harry Byrd is an authentic—as opposed to a working—aristocrat. He is of the eighth generation of the Byrds of Virginia. William Byrd I sailed up the James River in 1670 from his native England at the age of 18. He acquired 26,000 acres, grew wealthy as a tobacco planter, slave dealer, importer and exporter. He also fused the Byrd blood with another famed line: that of Mary Horsemenden, a 21-year-old widow who traced her ancestry clear back to Charlemane.

The Byrd lands grew to 179,000 acres under William Byrd II, who, like his father, served in the Virginia House of Burgesses. Bill II built Westover, an elegant Georgian mansion with a fine library. He also founded the city of Richmond—but he remains best remembered for his spicy diaries. Sample entries: "I went to the capitol where I sent for the wench to clean my room and I kissed her, for which God forgive me." "I had wicked inclinations to Mistress Sarah Taylor." "When I returned I had a great quarrel with my wife, in which she was to blame altogether; however, I made the first step to a reconciliation."

The next Byrd, William III, committed sins far graver, in the family's view, than the mere stealing of kisses. He blew the family fortune through gambling and wild spending, lost Westover, committed suicide on New Year's Day, 1777. As a French and Indian War colonel, however, he had fought so gallantly that his portrait hangs today in the restored Colonial Capitol in Williamsburg. Most tourists are happily unaware that in the Revolutionary War his sympathies were with George III.

By 1887, when Harry Flood Byrd was born in Martinsburg, W. Va., the intervening Byrds had made money, mainly as talented lawyers, built some fine mansions in Winchester, Va. Harry's father, Richard, was perhaps the most brilliant of the lot, a spectacular courtroom figure with black hair that seemed electrified, steel-rimmed glasses and a flair for oratory. Richard was a colorful politician—he was elected speaker of the Virginia House after just one term. With offbeat humor, he named his three sons Tom, Dick and Harry (they arrived in reverse order), was to take great pleasure in their later success: In business, Dick as the world-famed polar explorer Admiral Richard E. Byrd, who died in 1957; Harry in politics. But old Dick was also a most convivial fellow, who loved a sociable sip and was so totally lacking in financial sense that he rapidly took his family toward bankruptcy.

Saving the Star. That was where young Harry came into his own. He had been bored by his lessons at Winchester's Shenandoah Valley Academy. His father



had purchased a small daily newspaper, the Winchester *Star*, for use as a personal political vehicle. When the paper seemed about to go under, 15-year-old Harry saw a chance to quit school. He persuaded his father to let him try to save the *Star*. Save it he did—by scrimping on expenses and contributing a remarkable amount of journalistic ingenuity. Today, the Winchester *Star* and the Harrisonburg *News-Record* are prosperous papers operated by the Senator's oldest son, Harry F. Byrd Jr.

But running a paper was not enough for Teen-Ager Byrd. He bought a patch

There was no question about the condition of those Virginia roads. "There was even a bunch of farmers who'd stay by the road with their mules down there around Fredericksburg," Byrd recalls. "Everybody would get stuck and they'd charge \$10 a car to pull 'em out. Ten dollars was plenty in those days. Used to make 'em mad as hell." But Byrd was also dead certain that bonds were not the way to fix things up. It had taken Virginia taxpayers some 30 years after the Civil War to pay off more than \$45 million worth of bonded debt incurred before the war. The memory was painful.

Navy Secretary by F.D.R. Byrd had campaigned for Roosevelt, was all aglow at the money-saving promises of the New Deal platform. The glow quickly faded. Byrd recalls the disenchantment: "The first bill I voted for was to preserve the federal solvency, to cut federal expenses 15% across the board. That was the way to do things, and I was all for Roosevelt on things like that. But then this fellow Keynes got hold of him." Soon Byrd was leading the Senate opposition to the AAA, TVA, NRA—and when Roosevelt tried to pack the Supreme Court, Byrd knew that his dissent was total.

Their feud became so fierce that Roosevelt tried to funnel patronage through Byrd enemies in Virginia. Says Byrd: "Not controlling patronage turned out to be a damn good thing for me, because the Depression was still on and everybody was wanting a job. There weren't enough to hand out."

Byrd has been at odds with every subsequent President. He considered Harry Truman just another big spender. Irritated by Byrd's opposition, Truman made his famed offhand remark: There were, he told a White House visitor, "too many Byrds in Congress." Predictably, Byrd liked Ike—but the pair came to a parting of the political ways when Eisenhower ran up that whopping \$12.4 billion budget deficit in 1959. "I didn't like that thing about sending those troops down to Arkansas either," recalls Byrd. Byrd has inflamed the segregation issue in Virginia with his demand for massive resistance to school integration. He has denounced the N.A.A.C.P. and "the Warren Supreme Court," and pleaded in 1958: "Let the laws be enforced by the white people of this country."

Nothing attests to Byrd's influence on the voters of Virginia more convincingly than the fact that in the past three presidential elections Harry has been too busy "picking apples" to speak out for the Democratic ticket—and the state has gone Republican each time. Byrd did not endorse Ike in 1952, but he did tell Virginians by radio that "I will not, and cannot, in good conscience endorse the National Democratic platform or the Stevenson-Sparkman ticket." In 1956 he said nothing at all. In 1960 he announced only that "I have found at times that silence is golden." Republican Nixon carried Democratic Virginia by more than 42,000 votes.

Tort Replies. In the Senate, Byrd's power is seldom exhibited before the galleries. Ordinarily, he is a poor speaker. But when his dander is up, his oratory can be blistering. His reply to criticism from Florida's Claude Pepper in 1946 is a Senate legend: "When I became a member of the Senate, a distinguished colleague said to me that it never paid to get into a contest with a skunk." When Hubert Humphrey, as a freshman Senator, had the temerity to call Byrd's Joint Committee on the Reduction of Nonessential Federal Expenditures an example of "waste and extravagance," Byrd's floor reply



WITH FINANCE COMMITTEE COLLEAGUES*
Job, job, job went the finger.

of land at the edge of the city, planted a few apple trees with his own hands. Then he began leasing orchards. "I had a kind of a big house on wheels from which we sprayed the trees," he recalls. "The people who did the spraying lived in it, I'd get the spraying done, and the picking and the selling, and then the owner of the orchard and I would divide the profits." Harry Byrd has since become the world's largest individual apple orchard owner, with some 4,000 acres and 200,000 trees in rows up to two miles long. Harry Jr. is the general supervisor of the multimillion-dollar business; another son, Dick, runs the cannery; and another son, Beverly, is in charge of planting and picking.

Road to Richmond. After marrying Anne Douglas Beverly, a lovely girl whose family name was every bit as important in Virginia as Byrd's, Harry turned seriously toward politics. At that time, he had about as many kinsmen as there were voters in Virginia; Harry, at 28, easily won election to the state senate. In his service there was lackluster—until in 1923 he found an issue that outraged his hard-earned sense of economic propriety and jolted him into angry action. He was chairman of the senate roads committee when a \$50 million bond issue was proposed to improve the state's roads.

Says Byrd: "That's the big reason I have always been so opposed to bond issues."

Byrd slogged across those awful roads by horse and buggy and model T to stomp the state for a pay-as-you-go gasoline tax instead of the bond plan. The bonds were rejected by 46,000 votes, and Harry Byrd was a statewide hero who rode the road issue straight to the Governor's chair in Richmond.

As Governor, he was quite a Byrd. Besides streamlining the state constitution with 80 amendments, he pulled the state from a \$1.3 million budget deficit into a \$4.2 million surplus, drove through a tough anti-lynching law, lured new industry, supervised the state's takeover of every road, even farm-to-market, in Virginia. He also became the chieftain of the longest-lasting Democratic state machine in America; its members call it The Organization; public scholars have described it as a true oligarchy. In any event, it has dominated the statehouse since the turn of the century.

Fading Glow. In March 1933, three years after he left the statehouse, Byrd was appointed to the Senate in place of Claude Swanson, who had been named

* Georgia's Herman E. Talmadge, Louisiana's Russell Long, Delaware's John Williams, Kansas' Frank Carlson.

covered five pages of acidic language in the *Congressional Record*. Humphrey has since told Byrd that this was "the worst mistake I ever made."

When aroused, Byrd is also apt to dash off a letter. U.S. Chamber of Commerce President H. Ladd Plumley received one recently when the chamber endorsed a tax cut—something which, to Byrd, smacked of conservative heresy. The chamber's statement, wrote Byrd, was "fiscally irresponsible in the highest degree." Byrd dismisses the notion of getting more revenue by a pump-priming tax cut as "a damned absurdity." The only big outlays of which Byrd approves are those for defense, conservation and highways—as long as the last is pay-as-you-go.

Byrd is as conservative personally as he is politically. For years he would buy a Chevrolet and drive it until it was falling apart; he switched to his present habit of getting a new Chevrolet each year only when persuaded that it would save him money (he has a dealer who gives him a new car for \$600 and his old one). His wife has been an invalid for several years; but Harry and "Sittie" Byrd were never much for Washington's social merry-go-round. His only social extravagances are a picnic in his orchards each August, which attracts some 3,000 Virginians, and a series of three spring parties at Rosemont for Washington's elite and some of his Virginia cronies. Although he neither smokes nor drinks, he serves a man-sized drink, follows it with a billowing buffet of fried chicken, Smithfield ham and strawberry shortcake.

Ranger 777. Byrd's only fiscal soft spot is in his love for national parks. He has visited nearly every one in the U.S. The National Park Service, he says, is one agency that "returns \$1.20 value for every \$1 spent." The service in turn clearly appreciates Byrd: he is the service's only

honorary ranger, proudly wears his silver badge No. 777 at park ceremonies. He has been climbing in the Blue Ridge—such peaks as Hawks Bill, Naked Top, Roundhead Ridge and his favored Old Rag—for 60 years. He spent his honeymoon in those mountains, got Roosevelt to start the 500-mile-long Blue Ridge Parkway, is mainly responsible for Shenandoah National Park. On each of his past two birthdays he has donated a camping shelter near Skyland; they have been dubbed "Byrd's Nest No. 1" and "Byrd's Nest No. 2." Byrd gallantly danced at the dedication of Byrd's Nest No. 2 this year.

When his Senate duties keep him away from the Blue Ridge, Byrd takes that early morning walk through Rock Creek Park—and his musings are a seminar in political history and practice, well salted with great issues and names of the past. "I've lived here ever since I came to Washington," he says as he sets out from the Shoreham. "It's nearly 30 years ago now. You know, the Shoreham was in bankruptcy when I first came here. I told 'em I didn't have any money, but they said I might as well stay until I could pay, because nobody else had any either."

He swings his cane nonchalantly at a bush, looks back to see if his aging cocker spaniel is still with him. "You know," he says, "they were telling me not too long ago that I couldn't walk any more. One winter they had some ice on those steps back there and it was covered with snow and I didn't see it, so I fell and hurt my knee and it gave me arthritis." He flexes his left knee. "They wanted to take my kneecap off, said it wouldn't cripple me and it would stop the arthritis. But I didn't like that idea much, so I did just the opposite. I went out and climbed Old Rag the next weekend. It hurt like hell, but I got up there. Now I've got it built up so I can get around all right. It's built up muscles all around that knee. Look here." He hauls up his left pant-leg. "Look at the difference from the other one." He tugs up that pant-leg.

On His Belly. He comes to a high wire fence sealing off the Dumbarton Oaks estate, a public haven filled with dogwood, rhododendron and massive trees. Since it is not open so early in the morning, Byrd for years used to crawl on his belly through a hole in the fence. Then the hole was patched. Byrd hesitantly asked if he might have his own key to the gate—something the Park Service would have granted long ago at the slightest hint. "I got 'em to put in the Shenandoah Park when I was Governor. It was the Depression then, but I got a million dollars out of Congress, and we raised another million. Ickes wouldn't let the mountain people stay in there. He made them all move out. I begged him not to do that. I said just let the old ones stay there and live out their lives. But this Tugwell fellow had just come back from Russia, and he and Ickes got the idea of moving them all in together."



WITH SONS HARRY JR. & RICHARD
The money grows on trees.

"You know mountain people won't live close to anybody else. But they made 'em get out and burned their houses down and built two settlements for them outside the park—that cost nearly as much as the whole park did. And it didn't last very long either. They were making them all work and put everything they raised in together. One night after they'd been there about a year, one man got in and robbed the smokehouse where all the meat was, and the others got mad and they killed him. That was the end of that Russian business."

Byrd heads back down a bridle path, the Shoreham's sandy-colored brick looming above the trees. "When I was Governor they asked me if Winston Churchill could come down and visit. He wanted to see the battlefields. The only trouble was that when he got there, they told me he drank a quart of brandy a day. It was strict Prohibition, and I never had allowed any in the mansion. I called up a fellow who I thought might be able to get it and said, 'John, I'm in a hell of a fix. I need you to deliver a quart of brandy to the kitchen of the Governor's mansion every day this week.'"

"Churchill had some fellow with him named Lord so-and-so, and the Lord had a girl in San Francisco and was always calling her up the whole time they were there. After they left, I got a bill for those calls for \$250."

Harry Byrd walks back into the Shoreham to change his clothes and cook his own breakfast. He is ready to do a day's work on the Hill in defense of his idea that a dollar is a dollar and that economics is really a simple, common-sense subject. To a man with reminiscences like his, it does not seem illogical that he should think that he may yet teach quite a few lessons to that attractive young fellow in the White House.



DANCING AT BYRD'S NEST NO. 2
The knee was reconstructed.

THE ATOM

Rebuff in Geneva

In a three-hour presentation in Geneva last week, U.S. Negotiator Arthur Dean unveiled the details of the latest Kennedy Administration proposal to break the U.S.-Soviet deadlock over methods of working out a nuclear test ban treaty. Behind the new Kennedy plan was the notion that recent improvements in the techniques of distinguishing underground A-blasts from earthquakes make it safe



CRITIC ROCKEFELLER
Weakness begets intransigence.

for the U.S. to reduce its inspection requirements. Main points of the proposal:

- If the Russians agreed to on-site inspections by international teams, the U.S. might be willing to reduce the number of such annual investigations from the previously proposed minimum of twelve.

- If—and only if—the Russians accepted on-site inspections, the U.S. would consider drastically modifying its demands for monitoring posts on Soviet soil. Not only might the U.S. reduce its demands for a total of 19 Russian posts to around eight, but it might agree to have them manned by Soviet nationals—provided they were supervised by international teams.

The Russians could hardly wait to say *nyet*. When Dean finished, Soviet Negotiator Valerian Zorin read a prepared text that derided the U.S. concessions. The proposal, glibed Zorin, was “just the old American position dolled up in a new guise to deceive the neutrals.”

The Administration's proposal got more notice at home than it did at the international conference table. For the whole question of the U.S. position at Geneva was becoming a political issue. Declared Senate Republican Leader Everett Dirksen: “Hat in hand, the Kennedy Administration sent our negotiators back to Geneva with a new set of concessions,” which

“the Russian representative threw cold water on before they were even formally presented.” Dirksen icily suggested that “a firmer American negotiating position might be achieved if it sent demands to Geneva instead of concessions.”

New York's Governor Nelson Rockefeller, who has begun to step up his criticism of the Kennedy Administration, issued a special statement to get into the argument. “In the last 18 months,” he said, “we have moved steadily towards the Soviet position. This continual weakening of our position has been accompanied by a growing Soviet intransigence which has seen the Soviets withdraw many points already agreed to. This is no accident. Why should the Soviets accept any United States proposal when every refusal elicits a new United States offer?” The Administration's concessions, said Republican Rockefeller, “seem to me to run a high risk of endangering our national security.”

From the tenor of the remarks, it was clear that the Republicans thought they had found a strong issue for 1962's fall campaign—and perhaps beyond.

THE LAW

Key Briefs

Without the high jinks and foofaraw that accompany most national conventions, the American Bar Association last week gavelled open its 85th annual meeting, settled down in San Francisco to the serious examination of the state of the law in the U.S. and the prospects for extending the rule of law throughout the world. Key briefs from some key speakers:

- **SUPREME COURT JUSTICE WILLIAM BRENNAN JR.** called for an International Court of Habeas Corpus which would contribute to world peace by “repudiating, through an enforceable international rule of law, systematic and deliberate denial of human rights. Our time has known in full measure the tragedy suffered by countless human beings over the face of the globe who, deprived of their liberty without accusation, without trial, upon nothing but the arbitrary fiat of a sovereign government, have been helpless to challenge their detention in a world forum.”

- **JOHN C. SATTERFIELD**, outgoing A.B.A. president, criticized the U.S. Supreme Court for decisions that expose “the individual to a much wider degree of judicial supervision and governmental regulation than has been the case in the past . . . There is real danger that the states will soon be placed in a straitjacket of federal conformity extending far beyond the prohibitions placed by the states in the Bill of Rights against actions by the central Government . . . It would seem that practically the only area remaining even partially free from some kind of regulation by the central Government is that of purely private relations between citizen and citizen.”

* Last week Rockefeller confidently challenged Kennedy to come into New York State this fall and oppose his campaign to be re-elected Governor.

- **CHARLES S. RHYNE**, onetime A.B.A. president (Time cover, May 5, 1958), defended the court against Satterfield's argument. “In a troubled world,” said he, “the Supreme Court decisions protecting individual rights are like a beacon of light to all enslaved people and those suffering from deprivations of individual liberty. In my travels I have found that the thing which people in other lands admire most in the U.S. is that we are constantly strengthening individual rights. And the chief evidence cited is always decisions of the Supreme Court.”

To become the new president of the association, the lawyers last week inaugurated Sylvester C. Smith Jr., a onetime “country lawyer” in New Jersey who is now general counsel of the Prudential Insurance Co. of America. A robust deep-water sailor (he races a 43-ft. auxiliary sloop), Smith is the first corporate counsel ever to serve as A.B.A. president, as well as the oldest ever chosen; he will be 68 this month. Biggest item on Smith's agenda for 1963: an international conference—to be held probably in India—aimed at the A.B.A.'s goal, “World Peace Through World Law.”

THE JUDICIARY

The Judge Takes the Stand

Judge Irving Ben Cooper had heard himself called a temperamental tyrant who threw tantrums on the bench “like a baby in a high chair.” One attorney testified that Cooper had berated her in court as “a crummy little lawyer from the crummy little Legal Aid Society.” Another witness described his addressing a group of youthful defendants: “You are all punks.” Confirmation of Cooper's appointment to the U.S. District Court for the Southern District of New York was opposed by both the American Bar Association and the New York County Lawyers Association.



NOMINEE COOPER
Frustration provokes outbursts.



PARATROOPERS IN RENLOA

Tough enough to enjoy fried water moccasin.



RENLOA GUERRILLAS

Last week Judge Cooper, 60, finally got his own big day in court.

As the questioning began, the dapper, silver-haired man rose and faced the Senate Judiciary Subcommittee. For the next 2½ hours, although invited to be seated, Justice Cooper stood and defended his record as chief justice of New York City's court of special sessions from 1951 to 1960, when he resigned because of the mental strain of the job. Cooper described a judicial nightmare of overcrowded dockets, inadequate facilities and inept assistants that forced him to adopt a rigorous code of courtroom conduct.

"I found we were groping in the dark, and sentences were being meted out that were indiscriminate and without basis and just constantly horrifying to one who really cared deeply about what was going on," said Cooper. At another point he declared: "I tried to talk myself into the philosophy that I should content myself with the knowledge that I was doing everything that I could. I could not bring myself to that approach. Ever since I have been ten years of age I have been on my own, and every undertaking I have tried to do with everything that is in me. I find I cannot change." Although he either denied or could not recall most of the specific instances of temper tantrums, he did admit that he had sometimes been "incensed" by the frustrations of his job.

When Arkansas' Senator John McClellan asked Cooper if he felt qualified for his new post, the witness replied: "Senator, immodest though this sounds, my answer is yes." Seated by Cooper's side throughout his testimony was Brooklyn's Democratic Representative Emanuel Celler, chairman of the House Judiciary Committee and Cooper's sponsor. Invited to testify, Celler praised Cooper's record and declared: "Any man whose blood does not at times grow hot at the sight of evil or in the presence of utter incompetence isn't worth a pinch of snuff."

With that, the Senate subcommittee adjourned to ponder the qualifications and the liabilities of the most controversial of the 124 appointments to federal benches made to date by the Administration.

DEFENSE

STRIKE

War began at 3:30 a.m. Invading Gutasun troops hauled themselves by rope across the river separating them from democratic Renloa, a U.S. ally. At dawn, a Gutasun fighter plane knocked out the defenses of a nearby airfield with a tactical nuclear bomb, and 1,200 Gutasun paratroopers drifted out of the sky to capture the runways. Within hours of the Gutasun invasion, U.S. aircraft, paratroopers and G.I.s were speeding to Renloa's aid.

The Renloa war was of course a show. It was enacted in a swampy, gnat-infested, 3½-million acre slice of North and South Carolina. Some 70,000 U.S. soldiers and flyers played the parts of the invaders and the defenders. But it was also a deadly serious show—the biggest U.S. peacetime maneuvers since bewildered draftees, carrying wooden machine guns, slugged through the Louisiana boondocks in 1941. And the exercise was the first major test of a new U.S. fighting force: STRIKE Command. (The Russians were also conducting some imaginative war games of their own—see THE WORLD).

Less than a year ago, STRIKE Command was nothing more than a concept. Defense Secretary Robert S. McNamara, busily beefing up the armed forces' ability to fight bushfire or conventional wars, decided that the U.S. needed a force that could instantly be deployed anywhere around the world. The basic requirement for such a force was the closest sort of air cooperation.

From a Cold Start. But McNamara soon discovered that there was little coordination between the three Army divisions in the U.S. and the fighter and transport units of the Air Force's Tactical Air Command. McNamara's solution was to merge the three divisions and all State-side units of TAC into a unified command that became known as STRIKE. To command STRIKE, McNamara picked the Army's General Paul D. Adams, 55, a let-the-chips-fall combat veteran of World War II, Korea, and a leader of

the hastily assembled U.S. police force sent to Lebanon in 1958.

By picking up the white telephone in his Tampa headquarters and ordering surprise alerts at all hours of the day and night, Adams has turned STRIKE into a fighting unit braced for a sprinter's start. "In one night, we can pick up a force of three or four fighter squadrons, six to eight reconnaissance planes, and an Army-reinforced battle group and have them on their way," says Adams. "If we really wanted to break our necks, the first troops could be in the air within two hours from a cold start."

To find out more about STRIKE's combat readiness, Adams ordered the Carolina maneuvers, dubbed "Operation Swift Strike II." F-100 fighters roared low over the peanut and beanfields in close support of sweltering G.I.s armed with new M-14 rifles and M-60 machine guns. C-124 cargo planes lumbered overhead to airdrop Jeeps to the troops below. During one exhausting night, 194 huge cargo planes of the Military Air Transport Service flew in 8,000 men of the 5th Mechanized Infantry Division and 6,000 tons of equipment from Fort Carson, Colo., 1,800 miles away.

Like the Real Thing. The maneuvers seemed almost as confusing as actual combat. At one point, the observing party headed by Air Force Chief of Staff Curtis LeMay had trouble even finding the fighting. A convoy of 59 trucks got lost on the Carolina roads. Guerrilla operations were carried out with startling realism. Several weeks ago, the guerrillas infiltrated the Carolina countryside, secured hide-outs, persuaded civilians to act as sympathizers who would provide food, medical aid and other services. When the maneuvers began, more guerrillas parachuted into their areas, were greeted by civilian doctors that had been "won over." The Renloa guerrillas scored a coup by calmly driving a truck up to a Gutasun preflight briefing and driving off with several astounded F-100 pilots.

Adams, who seemed to be everywhere on the battlefield, made a point of eating supper one night in the field with a

bearded guerrilla unit wearing tattered civilian clothes. The menu: catfish stew and fried water moccasin. "You keeping clean?" Adams asked one guerrilla. "Yes, sir," was the reply. "We wash our socks and underclothes every day. It doesn't get them clean, but it keeps the smell out." "That's important," said the general with approval. "Always keep the clothes next to your body clean. When you're moving fast, that's what slows you down—rash and chafe."

Adams then began to talk to the soldier about what he would do if he were spotted. The soldier's guerrilla leader broke in: "My men don't get out where they can be spotted. They're killers." That seemed to satisfy the man charged with the responsibility of whipping STRIKE into shape to put out, if necessary, a flaring brushfire war in some neglected corner of the world.

DIPLOMACY

Man on the Spot

Only Moscow is likely to present a greater challenge to an American ambassador during the coming years than Paris—where the man representing the U.S. will have to cope with the rapidly evolving community of European nations and the stubborn aspirations of Charles de Gaulle. Last week, as his choice to succeed retiring Ambassador James A. Gavin in Paris, President Kennedy chose a handsome, seasoned career diplomat who has already made his name as a Russian expert: Charles E. ("Chip") Bohlen, 57, Ambassador to Moscow from 1953 to 1957.

During his 33-year career, Bohlen has shown a tough turn of mind, an eagerness to accept responsibility and a knack for survival. He mastered Russian in his 20s, served as Franklin Roosevelt's interpreter during the President's long, private talks with Stalin at Teheran and Yalta, and later performed the same duty for Harry Truman at Potsdam. In 1953, when President Eisenhower nominated him Ambassador to Moscow, Bohlen was attacked by Joe McCarthy, who charged that he had helped shape the controversial Yalta agreements. Although Bohlen insisted that he had acted only as an interpreter at the conference, he doggedly refused to repudiate the agreements. Said he: "I believe that the map of Europe would look very much the same if there had never been a Yalta conference at all." When the long and loud fight was over, the Senate confirmed him by a vote of 74-13.

"Russia is not a mystery," Bohlen has often said. "It's a secret." To discover the secret, Bohlen kept up a running dialogue with Russian leaders that alternated between breezy quips and heated debates. But a split gradually opened between Bohlen and John Foster Dulles; the Secretary of State paid little heed to his ambassador's advice about the Russians. In 1957, against Bohlen's wishes, President Dwight Eisenhower pulled him out of Moscow and made him Ambassador to the Philippines. There, though he started from scratch, Bohlen did a typically profession-

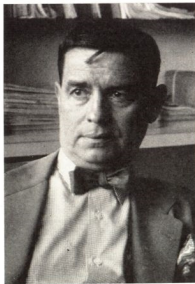


JOE SCHENCKEL—LIFE

"CHIP" BOHLEN
He knew the language.

al job, helped maintain U.S.-Philippine ties at a time when the island nation was trying to become less dependent on its old supporter and ally.

In 1959 Bohlen was brought back to Washington as a top adviser to Secretary of State Christian Herter, who had succeeded Dulles. Recently he has been counseling Secretary of State Dean Rusk on U.S.-Soviet affairs. To his new post he takes a knowledge of the language (his French is even better than his Russian; he has studied it since childhood) and a slight acquaintance with De Gaulle (they met during Bohlen's 1949-51 stint as second man in the Paris embassy). This time his appointment is expected to clear the Senate with no fuss.



JOSEPH LYFORD

"PING" FERRY
He spoke of myths.

OPINION

"Leave It to Experts"

As the longtime boss (38 years) of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, John Edgar Hoover is a rare fixture in Government. He is serving under his sixth President, always gets the money he wants without a murmur from Congress, has built an international reputation as a G-man who rounds up Communists with the same efficiency that he tracks down criminals. But every so often, Hoover comes in for criticism—Nebraska's Senator George Norris once called him "the greatest hound for publicity on the American continent." And last week, out of a clear blue Democratic sky, came one of the most blistering denunciations ever.

The critic was W. H. (for Wilbur Hugh) Ferry, a vice president of the Fund for the Republic. A bristly liberal, who is the son of Hugh J. Ferry, onetime board chairman of Packard Motor Car Co., "Ping" Ferry, an ex-newspaperman, ex-publicity man and former labor union official, got up before the Western states Democratic conference in Seattle to blast what he called some of the myths of modern America. Among the myths, said Ferry, was the one that pictured Communists as "nine feet tall, craftier than Satan, the most expert managers the world has ever seen, not human beings like ourselves but a race apart, determined to put man and God into jail forever."

Poltergeist & Poppycock. "The legends," said Ferry, "shrink in the washing." But J. Edgar Hoover, "the indubitable mandarin of anti-Communism in the U.S.," is "as responsible as any person" for "keeping the Red poltergeist hovering in the national consciousness." Hoover's constant warnings against Soviet espionage in the U.S. are right off "an old line . . . and its success year after year is a tribute to the trance into which his sermons throw Americans, not excepting Congressmen. Mr. Hoover is, after all, our official spy swatter. In these persistent reports about espionage and sabotage, he is delicately telling us that he isn't up to the job, that Red spies are running loose despite his best efforts? If in fact we are as infested with these rascals as Mr. Hoover intimates, it might occur to many people that the country needs a more efficient spy swatter. There is, Mr. Hoover says, an advance detachment of Communists within our borders with the 'capacity to pervert our thinking and destroy the spiritual supports which form the foundation of our freedom.' This is sententious poppycock. Our institutions are nowhere nearly so fragile as Mr. Hoover thinks they are."

Next day Hoover's boss, Attorney General Robert Kennedy, answered Ferry. Said Kennedy: "A major reason for the numerical weakness and lack of broad influence of the Communist Party in the U.S. is the dedication and effort of J. Edgar Hoover and the FBI. Those who

* So nicknamed in his childhood; his brother Robert was dubbed "Pong."

dismiss the problem of Communist espionage perform a disservice to the nation. I also have said many times that I think those who see a Communist under every chair are similarly misled. I say to those on both extremes of this question; leave the job to the experts. Mr. Hoover is my expert." As for John Edgar Hoover, he followed his usual policy—and said not a word in his own defense.

COMMUNISTS

The Elusive Spy

The Soblen affair recalled flickering old movies about improbable tangled doings in imaginary European principalities. Movies of that kind always included slices of villainy to provide dramatic interest—but the sinister kept getting swamped in the absurd.

In late June, a few days before he was supposed to begin serving a life-imprisonment sentence for wartime espionage on behalf of Russia, New York Psychiatrist Robert Soblen, 61, jumped \$100,000 bail and fled to Israel, using a dead brother's Canadian passport to gain entry. A Lithuanian-born Jew, Soblen expected Israel to let him stay, but Prime Minister David Ben-Gurion bent to U.S. pressures and arranged to send Soblen back in the general direction of the U.S. aboard a flight of the government-controlled airline, El Al. As a result of covert but obvious cooperation between U.S. and Israeli authorities, Soblen was accompanied on the flight by one James J. P. McShane, chief of U.S. marshals, who had flown to Israel to bring Soblen back.

Shaken Government. As the plane neared London, last stop before the hop across the Atlantic, Soblen stabbed himself in the abdomen with a steak knife while McShane was out of the compartment. Soblen was not attempting to commit suicide; he was trying to wound himself just enough to be hospitalized in Britain, thereby gaining time to try to obtain asylum.

In Israel, meanwhile, the repercussions of the Soblen affair had shaken the Ben-Gurion government. Many Israelis, including chieftains of two parties who were members of Ben-Gurion's wobbly coalition, insisted that the government could not legally send Soblen back to the U.S. Israel has no extradition treaty with the U.S., and even if it did have, political crimes such as espionage are not considered grounds for extradition. In self-defense, Ben-Gurion insisted that his government did not deport Soblen to the U.S., but merely expelled him from Israel. He was free to get off the plane at any stop, the government insisted.

Extended Deadlines. The British tried to evade the extradition flypaper by 1) maintaining that Soblen was not really in Britain, legally speaking, and 2) trying to persuade El Al to fly Soblen to the U.S. But with Ben-Gurion under political attack, the Israelis insisted that if El Al had to fly Soblen out of Britain it would take him to Israel, not to the U.S. Britain rejected the back-to-Israel solu-

tion: the U.S. was pressing for Soblen's return and Britain did not want to annoy its No. 1 ally by letting Soblen get away. Again and again, the British laid down a deadline for El Al to fly Soblen to New York, only to extend the deadline when El Al refused to comply.

At week's end the British finally gave up on El Al and, despite the earlier insistence that Soblen had never really entered Britain, ordered him deported to the U.S.

FASCISTS

Booby Prize

The U.S., even while trying to get its hands on Prize Spy Robert Soblen, last week got a booby prize. Husted out of Great Britain was George Lincoln Rockwell, self-styled Führer of the Nazi Party in the U.S. Rockwell, 44, leads a band of a few hundred American Nazis,

ington newsmen and criticized the Administration in terms remarkably similar to those voiced by many corporation presidents.

"I don't think the Administration is the keeper of the public interest," declared Meany. "It represents Government interest. When the Government buys something itself, it has the right to make clear its stake in the negotiations." Meany leaned across the table to point a thick finger at his goblet. "It can say, 'We've only got so much money for glasses, and we hope you'll keep the price level where we can buy glasses.' But it shouldn't go asserting the Government's interest in cases where the Government is not directly involved."

Meany opposed any Administration action—even the practice of suggesting wage guidelines—that might hamper collective bargaining. What Meany feared most was that the Government's interference in



ROCKWELL RETURNING TO U.S.
He found Scotland Yard waiting.

agitates for deporting all Negroes to Africa, liquidating the Jews, and hanging all "traitors," e.g., Eisenhower, Truman, Chief Justice Warren. He had gone to Britain to be guest star at a convention of British Nazis. But when his presence was discovered, Scotland Yard picked him up and, with very little time wasted on legal argument, put him on a U.S.-bound plane. As he boarded his jet, Rockwell turned, made a Heil Hitler salute and shouted, "I'll be seeing you!"

LABOR

"The Right to Quit"

Last April's steel crisis brought screams from businessmen that the U.S. Government under President Kennedy and Labor Secretary Arthur Goldberg is meddling too much in labor-management matters. But there is another side to that coin. And last week A.F.L.-C.I.O. President George Meany sat down at a lunch with Wash-

labor-management negotiations might in time evolve into restrictions upon the right to strike. Said he: "We've got to maintain the right to quit work. Sometimes it's good to have a strike. We've had cases where there have been bus strikes and everybody said the strike would paralyze everything. Well, it didn't happen. Sometimes a strike shows both management and labor that they're not as important as they think they are."

Meany went out of his way to attack compulsory arbitration. "The only ground for compulsory arbitration is when the paramount public interest is involved," he said. "If that's the case," he went on, purposely exaggerating his point to show his complete contempt for the practice, "then the Government ought to go all the way and nationalize the industry. If the railroads are so important to the nation that the Government can't permit a strike, then the Government should take over the railroads."

CITIES

Boom Town

Peachtree Street was never before like this. Handsome stone-and-glass office and apartment buildings are sprouting all over Atlanta. In the past two years workmen put the finishing touches on such major new downtown structures as a 22-story, \$12 million Atlanta Merchandise Mart, and a 31-story headquarters for the Bank of Georgia, loftiest skyscraper in the Southeast. This year city officials expect to issue around \$120 million worth of new building permits. From 1950 to 1960 metropolitan Atlanta's population jumped 40% to 1,017,188 and is still growing at the rate of 30,000 a year. The gracious belle of the old South has become the nation's newest boom town and managed to turn the trick without losing her poise or showing an ankle.

No Playboys. "There's a sustained drive here that retains a sense of values," says Editor Eugene Patterson of the *Atlanta Constitution*. "It's not the Houston go-go; the drive is here but the brashness is not." Much of Atlanta's stability under change comes from its business leaders, such as Robert Woodruff, Coca-Cola's retired chairman, and Richard Rich of Rich's, the South's largest department store, who have long made no-nonsense civic enterprise an Atlanta tradition. "This is not a playboy's town and it's not a cocktail-at-lunch town," says Mayor Ivan Allen Jr., himself the former president of the South's largest office-supply firm. "This is a businessman's town."

It is also a town that honors its traditions without becoming mired in them. "The besetting sin of the South is worship of the South," says William Hartsfield, mayor of Atlanta from 1937 through 1961. "Strangely, many people in the South today worship the day that Marga-

ret Mitchell said was gone with the wind. I say 'strangely' because few of them participated in those days. So many speak of magnolias and beautiful ladies and soft nights, and so many of them had only hookworm and poverty. We in Atlanta have been moving and getting somewhere over the years."

Forgetting the past, Atlanta has welcomed the influx of Northern business and blood that have given the city a cosmopolitan air and outlook. No major Southern city has managed to integrate its Negroes so well and so smoothly. Not a single ugly incident marred the integration of schools last year. Shrugs Mayor Allen: "Hell, the law was on the books, and it was here and we got it done, that's all."

Sitting Pretty. Geography has also been kind to Atlanta. Because it is 1,050 ft. above sea level—next to Denver the highest big city in the U.S.—Atlanta escapes the enervating Southern heat, has an average August temperature of only 78°. And Atlanta, with a new, \$20 million jet airport and 13 railroad lines, has the good fortune to sit in the middle of the southeastern region of the U.S. that is swiftly becoming industrialized.

Atlanta is still recovering from the June jetliner crash in France that killed 105 of its citizens, including many of the city's cultural leaders. The city recently suffered a setback of another kind when voters turned down an \$80 million bond issue to finance a wide variety of home county improvements, including an elaborate cultural center. Last week the leaders were blaming the defeat only on themselves. Said Editor Patterson: "It was overconfidence. We had succeeded for so long I thought we couldn't fail. Therefore we didn't spell it out to the voters the way we should have. Next time we'll do it right." On the basis of past performances, there seems every chance that they will.

Bust Town?

A continent away from Atlanta, the steel skeletons of San Diego's new skyscrapers stretch above the immaculate white city that curves back from the Pacific toward the Laguna Mountains. The yacht basins are crowded with boats; sumptuous motels for sybaritic tourists are rising outside town. But beneath the clamor and the glitter, San Diego—the city that brashly bet heavily on the aircraft industry and cleaned up for nearly 15 years—is in missile-age trouble.

World War II turned San Diego from a city of 289,348, sleepily content to live off its famed naval base, into one of the nation's major aircraft producers. The boom grew louder after the war, with the demand for new planes for the burgeoning airlines and the rapid evolution of new Air Force fighters and bombers. By 1950 the population was up to 556,808; by 1960 it had soared to 1,033,011. And San Diego was proudly—and rightfully—calling itself the fastest-growing major city in the U.S.

Phasing Out. Prosperity grew apace with the population. As the years went by, the city's aircraft industry edged into missile production, but stuck mainly to planes. In 1950 the industry grossed \$104,500,000; by 1960 the figure was up to \$1,082,000,000. Then came the nose-dive. The Air Force stopped buying the F-102 and F-106 delta-winged fighters, made at the city's huge Convair plant. Convair was also hurt badly when its \$80 and 990 jet airliners had poor sales records. Last year the city's aircraft industry took in a bare \$215 million on planes and missiles.

By last week, the great changeover in U.S. defense plans from aircraft to missiles had boosted San Diego's unemployment to 8.8%. Worse yet, this figure is likely to grow higher, for the single major missile produced in San Diego is Convair's liquid-fueled Atlas, a weapon that the Air Force is gradually phasing out in favor of the solid-fueled Minuteman (major contractor: Boeing in Seattle).

The "tinbenders"—local jargon for semiskilled aircraft workers—are packing up in droves and leaving the housing developments that sprawled around the city during the past few years.

Wanted: New Jobs. Tied to one industry, San Diego's officials are struggling to lure new employment sources to the city. Says State Labor Analyst Arthur McCarty: "We have all the facilities, all of the personnel and all of the money needed to retrain these workers. There is only one real problem: What do we train them to do?"

In downtown San Diego, a parking-lot operator who last year was regularly netting \$800 a month declared last week: "Hell, business is so dead I won't take home more than \$130 this month. Friend of mine offered me a deal, and I think I'm going to fold this thing up and go in with him." The friend's deal: an outfit to handle merchandise from San Diego firms that go bankrupt.



DOWNTOWN ATLANTA
No go-go but plenty of drive.

LEWIS—ATLANTA

THE WORLD



COSMONAUTS NIKOLAEV (IN TRAINING) & POPOVICH
"Till we meet on earth."

RUSSIA

Duet in Space

The Russians this week took a giant new stride in the race toward the moon. From the Soviet rocketdrome in Central Asia, two manned space capsules rose into orbit around the earth and established visual and radio contact with each other. It was the first test of teamwork in space. Russian scientists said that the purpose of the mission was to check the physical effects of weightless flight on two cosmonauts orbiting under identical conditions and—more importantly—to gain experience in contact between vehicles in space.

The first cosmonaut to blast off was Major Andrian Grigorievich Nikolaev, 32, a country boy from the Volga valley who had been the standby for both Yuri Gagarin and Gherman Titov on their previous orbital flights. Soon after he was aloft in his spaceship *Vostok III*, Nikolaev, or "Falcon," as he called himself during radio transmission to the earth, was in touch with Soviet tracking stations and trawlers at sea packed with electronic gear, including some close by the U.S. east coast. U.S. and other Western radio monitors heard Nikolaev's voice loud and clear. Every 88 minutes, *Vostok III* soared around the globe at heights of between 112 and 156 miles. Falcon reported that he had eaten, slept seven hours, even unstrapped his harness and moved about the cabin.

Black, Black Sky. Exactly 23 hours and 32 minutes after Nikolaev's blastoff, just as he was breaking Titov's record by completing his 18th orbit, Moscow announced triumphantly that a second cosmonaut, Ukrainian-born Lt. Col. Pavel Romanovich Popovich, 31, had been hurled into space in a capsule called *Vostok IV*. Within an hour, the two space craft had established radio contact with each other, and Nikolaev reported to control headquarters that he was watching *Vostok IV* through his porthole. Plotting

the radio signals, scientists outside Russia estimated that the two space craft were 74.5 miles apart, knew it would be possible for the two cosmonauts to jockey their capsules even closer together by using manual controls.

The two cosmonauts exchanged congratulations, then held a three-way conversation with Yuri Gagarin at the control center down on the ground:

"I watch the earth in the clouds," said Popovich. "To the right, in the illuminator [porthole], I see the black, black sky. My spirits are wonderful. Everything goes excellently."

"I hear you excellently," said Nikolaev. "My spirits too are excellent."

"Everything is fine, friends," said Gagarin, Russia's first spaceman, from the ground station. "Congratulations. Till we meet on the earth."

Following Soviet custom, there was no advance word to the people until each flight was safely underway. Once the announcements were made, Muscovites gathered by the hundreds in the streets to listen to loudspeakers and radios that blared from parked cars and windowsills. Soviet television screens picked up what Russia claimed were live telecasts from the space capsules. Nikolaev at first seemed in a trance during his showing, eyes closed, hands motionless. Later he came to life before the eyes of viewers, twisting dials, pushing buttons. Popovich was seen more clearly as he made entries in his log book.

Message from Maine. The Kremlin could not resist using the new space flights to make some propaganda, asked the U.S. to refrain from nuclear tests that might endanger the cosmonauts. The U.S., which had scheduled no tests anyway, quickly reassured the Russians. From his week-end retreat in Boothbay Harbor, Me., President Kennedy saluted Russia's "exceptional" feat, as well as the "courage of the two astronauts," said: "The Amer-

ican people wish them a safe return."

In the year since Titov rocketed into orbit, the Soviet man-in-space program has been curiously grounded. Russia sent up only seven scientific satellites, while the U.S. launched Astronauts John Glenn and Scott Carpenter. But the performance of *Vostok III* and *Vostok IV* abruptly reopened the space race and led some scientists to speculate that Russia intended to put a man on the moon within four years. "Once they have achieved orbital rendezvous," said Kenneth Gatland of the British Inter-Planetary Society, "they have taken the vital step toward lunar flight."

Home, Sweet Private Home

For years—even under Stalin—the outstanding exception to Communist collectivization was the privately owned Russian home. Anyone who could build one could own one. Last week the Kremlin finally got around to abolishing this flourishing capitalist institution.

Until recently, the government encouraged Soviet citizens to build their own homes because of the acute housing shortage. By 1960, 31% of all living space in Soviet cities was privately owned. But building materials were in such short supply that last year Khrushchev's new Communist Party program hinted at a reversal of the home-building policy. Nikita's utopian blue print suggested that the imminent transition from socialism to Communism would make privately owned homes unnecessary. Another reason for the switch: the regime has been increasingly plagued by embezzling public servants who found a convenient outlet for spending their hoarded rubles on town houses and country dachas.

Last week's decree by the Communist Party's Central Committee allowed existing private houses to remain, but banned all such future construction. Instead, the new emphasis will be on cooperatives,

such as the ones which have produced scores of big apartment houses in Moscow. When a group of tenants have raised 40% of the building cost among themselves, the state Construction Bank provides long-term (ten to 15 years) loans for the rest. The co-op system has one obvious advantage for the regime: the people will wind up paying for their own housing, releasing badly needed funds for the government to invest in heavy industry and the lagging agricultural program.

Clear as a Picture

The Soviets announced in July that they would open a new round of nuclear tests on Aug. 5 in the Arctic testing ground of Novaya Zemlya. Before that, the last reported Russian blast took place in November 1961. It was with more than passing curiosity, therefore, that Western correspondents in Moscow last week came upon a photograph that appeared in the military newspaper *Red Star* on Aug. 3—two days before the new series began. It showed Russian tanks lumbering across a rolling landscape; there in the background was the mushroom cloud of a nuclear explosion. The caption said the picture was taken "during recent war games."

Was this a Soviet bomb blast that the West had not detected or announced? And one set off with manned tanks dangerously near? Probably not. Closer examination of the photograph suggested an entirely different explanation: the mushroom cloud seemed simply to have been painted or superimposed onto a picture of routine tank maneuvers. If so, *Red Star's* caption writer is clearly a man of imagination. His dramatic description of the scene began, "A mighty atom explosion neutralized the resistance of the enemy. Tank units moved swiftly forward at highest speed carrying out the orders of the commanders."



"RED STAR'S" VERSION OF SOVIET MANEUVERS
Upward soared a suspect cloud.



WEST BERLINERS AT THE WALL
Eastward only bleakness, desperation and sheer misery.

BERLIN

A Year Later

When the Communists built their ugly Wall across Berlin last year, East Germany's Red Boss Walter Ulbricht freely predicted that the barrier would bring prosperity to his own puppet nation and strangulation to the hated capitalists of West Berlin. Last week, on the Wall's first anniversary, it was clear that just the opposite had happened.

Shiny cars clogged West Berlin's broad Kurfürstendamm, while pedestrians window-shopped at fancy stores or looked for an empty seat at one of the many sidewalk cafés. Tourists were flocking in as never before, and savings accounts were at the record level of \$366.5 million, \$20 million higher than in early August last year. Although West Berlin's industry was beginning to feel the effects of the tapering West German economic boom, there were still job vacancies for 29,000 workers. The panicky exodus of thousands from West Berlin in the days immediately after the Wall was built has been halted; nowadays about the same number of people come to West Berlin to live as leave it. The city's officials happily report that it is the young who arrive, the old who leave.

The Dismal East. Despite West Berlin's stability, there was just a touch of tension in the air last week. Part of it came from the spate of new rumors that Moscow will soon sign a separate peace treaty with East Germany, a move that would bring new efforts to shut off West Berliners' few remaining access routes to the West. West Berliners were also nervous at the chance that hordes of restive East Germans might choose the Wall's anniversary as an occasion for a mass escape attempt through the 95 miles of concrete, barbed wire and death strips that surround the western half of the city.

This would surely bring bloodshed along the border.

The Communists were also clearly aware of the potential danger. Replacing the regular police and army units that usually patrol the Wall—more than 500 of whom have fled to the West—were two regiments of specially selected toughs from Saxony whom East Berliners bitterly call "the fifth occupying power." In contrast to Vopos, who have been known to look the other way during an escape, the Saxons shoot to kill without a second thought. Even so, an average of ten East Germans a day leap, crawl, dig or swim their way to freedom. One couple even floated its infant across the Havel River in a bathtub. Since the Wall went up a year ago, 12,000 refugees have made it safely out of the Soviet zone; 49 who tried to reach West Berlin have died.

Escape is a risk worth taking, for life in East Germany has become sheer misery. The crippled economy can turn out precious little of the consumer goods that East Germans need so desperately. One reason: imported Soviet managerial experts control the output of such basic industries as mining and steel, give Moscow top priority for East German manufactures. East German food production has fallen sharply in the past twelve months. Potatoes, once a staple, have been imported from the uncollectivized farms of Communist Poland; last week meat and sausage went on the ration list, to join butter, which has been strictly allocated for 18 months. For complainers, there was the ever-present fear of a Communist jail cell or a Communist pistol.

All in all, though West Berlin was surrounded by Red territory, it seemed clear to people on both sides of the barrier on anniversary day that it was the East Germans who were on the inside and the West Berliners who were outside.



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STATION ATTENDANT



FRIEDRICH RAUCH



WILFRIED EHRLICH

CAB DRIVER

Better a secondhand Volkswagen than a second child.

WEST GERMANY

The Vanishing Hausfrau

Ah, the German hausfrau. There she stands in front of her beloved stove. Her mind untarnished by thoughts that do not concern the care of her family or the future of her soul, she is cheerfully dedicated to producing heartier dinners, cleaner floors, and more babies. From a life tightly bound by *Kinder, Kirche* and *Küche*, she gazes fondly up at her worldly husband.

This is a picture comforting to any German male—but these days he is likely to find it only in an old movie. In fact, the traditional hausfrau is no more. Today's West German housewife, says Family Minister Franz-Joseph Wuermlen with a shudder, "prefers a secondhand Volkswagen to a second child."

To get it, she has gone to work. Women comprise a whopping 34.3% of the West German labor force, and often hold down jobs in formerly all-male provinces. Gas tanks along the *Autobahnen* are often operated by coveralled *fräuleins*. Bonn has female barbers, policemen and butchers. Women outnumber men in 22 industries, from hatmaking to public relations, and they own one out of five businesses. There are 43 women in the West German Parliament, including the Minister of Health. Even a beer-hall political discussion is no longer safe; *Die Zeit's* Marion Dönhoff, an attractive countess, is a widely quoted political columnist.

Although Germany had its suffragettes early in the century—and a woman in the Reichstag by 1919—emancipation on a national scale has come only since the war. The Third Reich borrowed its idea of womanhood from 19th century romanticism, when a German woman was considered "a happy, still oasis, a wellspring of life's poetry, a remnant of paradise." But cleaning up the postwar rubble of man-shy Germany was no job for a still oasis, and women took on a responsibility that has since produced a staggering social revolution.

Impetus now comes from the opposite direction. Only 13% of Germany's working mothers hold their jobs out of economic necessity. Most of the rest are

furiously engaged in the race to keep up with the Müllers, with second cars, appliances and travel. One thing leads to another: appliances make housework more of a bore; travel and entertainment stir interests far from the *Küche*. According to a recent study, four out of five formerly docile hausfraus consider their lot unhappy, and most of them because they are "fed up with housework." With the divorce rate up and the birth rate down, many a West German male is musing sadly about the old days, when a man may not have owned a car, but when he at least had his pedestal.

It Is Harder to Give

In the field of foreign aid, giving provokes grumbling. The U.S. has learned this lesson through years of political argument at home and criticism abroad. Now West Germany is discovering the Law of Painful Generosity.

Prodded by the U.S., Bonn agreed to carry more of the West's underdeveloped areas burden about a year ago, when it

set up a special aid ministry under a former private-business consultant, Walter Scheel. Since then, the West German government has provided or promised \$1.-425,000,000 in assistance funds to 45 countries, mostly in Asia and Africa, but also in Latin America. Most of Bonn's loans are in the form of long-term credits (12-20 years), and almost all of them are earmarked for such projects as factories and mines that encourage private German investment.

New Complaints. Predictably, the aid effort has stirred trouble at home and abroad. Yaoundé, capital of Cameroun, was the scene of a noisy argument last winter between government officials of the newly independent African nation and a group of visiting West German financial experts. Cameroun needed cash to balance the budget, and wanted money from Germany, which used to run the place as a colony before World War I. When the Germans refused, the Camerounians held them at the airport for several hours before allowing them to go home. Other African leaders, such as Togo's President Sylvanus Olympio, come to Bonn themselves.

The Germans are also running into a new variation of the familiar neutralist blackmail (*i.e.*, "If you don't help us, we'll go Communist"). It is: "Help us or we'll recognize the East German regime." Equipment supplied by the West Germans is first-rate—in fact, sometimes too complicated for the limited skills of the recipients. When Bonn built a steel plant at Rourkela, India, there were simply not enough local people to run it, and so far it has worked at far below capacity.

In the field, German technicians are somewhat handicapped by the fact that English is the most commonly spoken foreign tongue in Asia and Africa. In addition, the steaming climate of many underdeveloped countries tends to debilitate the Teutonic constitution. Said one expert, recently returned from a swing through Southeast Asia: "Two of my companions had to go to a hospital to recover." But in Thailand, members of a German teaching team were startled to find that the tasty local beer was as good as the brew at home; it turned out that



D.P.A. - PICTORIAL

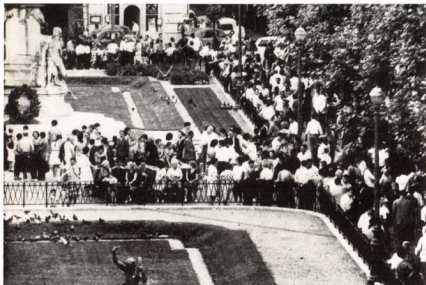
TOGO'S OLYMPIO & ADENAUER
In return for cash, criticism.

the beer was made by a transplanted German brewmaster. German field workers usually stay on foreign projects three years to make sure that operations are running smoothly. One of the most successful projects has been the establishment of technical schools in Ceylon, Thailand and South Viet Nam, which are training 5,000 native students.

New Accusations. Though almost all of Bonn's aid is in the form of loans, not grants, some Germans have inevitably been growling about giveaways. The news-magazine *Der Spiegel* ran a series of articles arguing that West Germany is an underdeveloped nation. A German diplomat, echoing complaints in the U.S. about misspent funds that American aid officials have heard since the days of the Marshall Plan, pointed to the \$30,000, custom-built Rolls-Royce in which the

West Germany still has far to go before its publicly financed foreign aid program equals \$775 million, which would match the 1% of Bonn's gross national product that many international economists consider a proper figure. Actual government aid last year totaled \$340,500,000, although the Germans claim a far higher figure by including such items as private investment abroad by German firms, reparations payments to Israel.

Even though West German generosity is below par by U.S. standards, Washington hopes that Bonn's aid program will not founder in the spate of criticism. But the Germans have much to learn. As one Bonn foreign aid official puts it: "Because we lost our colonies early, we come to Africa and Asia with 'clean hands.' But that also has disadvantages. We don't know them or understand them."



PIEDS-NOIRS IN MARSEILLE
Still honking the old refrain.

Ghanaian ambassador makes his rounds in Bonn, and sputtered: "Yesterday they didn't even wear shoes, and today they come to town in big cars and fancy clothes bought with our money, and ask us for more." Germany's tightfisted Finance Minister Heinz Starke objects that "vast sums of money have been wasted," vigorously presses for less government spending abroad, and more tax inducements to pump private capital abroad.

But, as Foreign Aid Minister Scheel put it last week, "Too many people believe that countries which get our aid use it to finance diadems, expensive tea services, or the golden bed of some minister's wife." There is not a single word of truth in it. In economics, as in everything else, there are political risks and surprises—but not golden beds.

* A reference to the conspicuous consumption of Mrs. Krobo ("Crowbar") Edusei, wife of Ghana's ex-Minister of Industries, whose purchase of a gold bed while on a shopping trip to London cost her husband his job.

FRANCE

Overdose

Political refugees are getting a cool reception in many parts of the world, but few are so unpopular as those who are pouring into France's seaport city of Marseille. They are the refugee European *pieds-noirs* from Algeria. Since May 1, the new arrivals have swollen Marseille's population from 800,000 to nearly 1,000,000—and the city is beginning to burst at the seams. "The *pieds-noirs* are like sleeping pills," said one local official. "You can safely swallow only a certain dose."

Marseille figured it was getting an overdose. Of the 12,000 hotel rooms in the city, 8,000 are permanently rented to the strangers; housing conditions are so overcrowded that often as many as 15 *pieds-noirs* live in the same small apartment. Midtown Marseille has become one huge traffic jam as 800 *pied-noir* cars arrive from Algeria daily; and the newcomers have an irksome habit of breaking the

city's anti-noise ordinance by honking the five notes *Al-gér-ie Fran-çaise* on their car horns. Many angry parents have discovered that the hordes of children from Algeria enrolled in Marseille schools next fall have left no room for their own kids.

Though thousands of *pieds-noirs* are unemployed, most scorn available jobs as laborers or on the docks as "Arab work." Some have turned to crime, are readily identifiable as holdup men because of their throaty accents. So alarmingly has Marseille's crime rate risen, in fact, that the central government in Paris has been forced to dispatch 800 riot troopers to the city to beef up the local police force.

Despite the frosty reception of local residents, the *pieds-noirs* are in no hurry to leave Marseille. Most stay because the seaport's sunny climate is so similar to that of Algeria; others remain because they hope to return home some day, prefer to stay as close as possible to the Mediterranean. With this in mind, the *pieds-noirs* are clamoring for 45,000 new housing units in the city. But they have no chance of getting them; the government is just as determined as the Marseille city fathers to move them to the north, where more jobs are available. Last week the French Cabinet announced a crash program to build 25,000 new low-cost housing units for the *pieds-noirs* all over France. Only 3,500 were allotted to Marseille.

COMMON MARKET

Second Act

The hour was late in the conference room in Brussels where the Common Market foreign ministers were considering Britain's application to join Europe's Six. Stale cigar smoke hung in the air, and papers were scattered over the tables. Picking up one of the English-language documents, France's Maurice Couve de Murville took the floor to lambaste each argument it contained. Suddenly a hand tugged at Couve's sleeve and a voice whispered in his ear: the paper he was so ruthlessly demolishing was not from the British at all—but was an English translation of one of the Six's own position papers.

The story was probably apocryphal, but the speed with which it made the rounds of Whitehall last week revealed the deep British exasperation at France's blocking tactics in Brussels. Just back from the talks, Britain's chief Market negotiator, Lord Privy Seal Edward Heath, could scarcely conceal his irritation with France over the stalemate on terms of Britain's Common Market membership.

In a White Paper, Heath said that there was "a great deal of progress," which would serve as a basis for discussion when ministerial talks resume next October. But he argued that Britain's hopes for a tentative agreement this summer were snagged by France's last-minute, 3 a.m. insertion of an extraneous matter of agricultural prices in the closing Brussels session. Paris quickly contested the British version of the breakdown of the talks, said that discussions had actually found-



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Finally, when the engine is reassembled, we measure the vibration—or lack of it—while the engine goes through its test run on the block.

And this is just a small part of what we go through when we overhaul each Astrojet engine. Nice thing to think about the next time you're taking a trip.

AMERICAN AIRLINES
AMERICA'S LEADING AIRLINE

dered when Heath himself decided to "reserve his position" on the matter of further British concessions on safeguards for Commonwealth farm exports.

Despite the bickering between Paris and London, many top British officials, on second thought, viewed the impasse as a blessing in disguise. The delay, they reasoned, would stifle the criticism from British opponents of the Common Market on both the Left and the Right who have bitterly complained that the Macmillan government was rushing Britain into Europe with undue haste. Moreover, the deadlock could be interpreted by the Commonwealth Prime Ministers, who will confer in London next month, as heartening proof of Britain's intention to stand firm on behalf of Commonwealth interests and to hold out for the best possible terms.

Though the negotiations have temporarily lost their momentum, only Europe's darkest pessimists see the delays as anything more than temporary. Even France knows that if it keeps Britain out, it will be isolated from its partners in the Six—all of whom favor Britain's admission into the club. One top German official saw the stalemate as only a plot ploy in the Common Market melodrama. "The drama has started," he said. "I can see exits with doors slamming, tears, shouts of rage, devious subplots involving doublecrossing, and all the rest. But I am completely convinced that this is no tragedy. Late in the third act, everything is going to turn out all right, and the hero and heroine will go hand in hand into the sunset with smiles on their faces."

SOUTH AFRICA

The Black Pimpernel

For more than 15 months, top man on the South African police wanted list has been a black underground leader named Nelson Rolihlahla Mandela. Son of the paramount chief of the Tembu tribe,



NELSON MANDELA
Trapped at the roadblock.

Lawyer Mandela, 44, was sought by the white cops for helping to organize the mass work stoppage by Africans in May 1961 to protest *apartheid* and the proclamation of South Africa as a republic.

Special Branch (political) police searched for him everywhere, regularly swooped on his dowdy little home in Orlando township, searched bus stations and railway terminals. But towering (6 ft. 2 in., 245 lbs.), affable Nelson Mandela sped from one hide-out to another. Often he telephoned newspapers with defiant statements against the government; once he even gave a television interview to the BBC. Last February he traveled to a Pan-African congress in Addis Ababa and returned unnoticed.

Mandela became a disguise artist: dressed as a garage worker, he once wheeled a spare tire down the main street of Johannesburg under the nose of the cops. On another occasion, when he wanted to retrieve some documents from his Johannesburg office, Mandela dressed himself as a Zulu janitor in the traditional blue jumper and shorts, stuck huge earrings through his ear lobes, grabbed a broom and walked through the police cordon outside his office. Once inside, he tucked the papers under his shirt and calmly walked out.

Last week, on the Durban-Johannesburg highway, Nelson Mandela's car was stopped by a police roadblock. Acting on an informer's tip, the cops had finally got their man.

INDIA

On China's Terms?

India and Red China have exchanged more diplomatic notes than bullets in their territorial wrangle over the disputed Himalayan border between the two countries. Last week China passed India its 76th note in nine months—and clearly indicated that it thought its southern neighbor was the pawn in what Jawaharlal Nehru has described as a "game of military chess" along the ill-defined frontier.

Blantly the Chinese said that they were willing to arbitrate the boundary dispute peacefully. But it would be on their own terms. China rejected India's demand that before the start of negotiations it withdraw from the 14,000 sq. mi. of Indian territory it occupies in Ladakh (see map). "No force in the world could oblige us to withdraw," said Red China's Foreign Minister Chen Yi. The effect of the Chinese announcement was thus to tell India that any final settlement must irrevocably deed the disputed Ladakh territory to China.

Though Nehru termed the Chinese note "rather disappointing," he reaffirmed his desire "to settle our differences with China by peaceful discussions." Such apparent willingness to negotiate on Chinese terms stimulated cries of "appeasement" against Nehru's government. Attacks on Defense Minister Krishna Menon for his recent breakfast dates and cocktail party nattering with Chen Yi in Geneva have been



stepped up, even though Nehru claimed that Menon was only acting under orders to probe China's real intentions in Ladakh. But Menon's contention that Ladakh was only "unoccupied territory" and Nehru's stance that he would be willing to make "minor" territorial concessions to the Chinese have raised fears in Parliament that India will yield on China's terms.

SOUTH VIET NAM

New Friends

Deep in South Viet Nam's highland forests live more than 500,000 primitive natives whom the French called *montagnards*—people of the mountains. The aboriginal *montagnards* hunt with crossbows and poisoned arrows, practice animal sacrifice to the spirits of the sky and water; *montagnard* women go bare-breasted, and men wear only loincloths. Though they inhabit more than half the land of South Viet Nam, the *montagnards* consider the Vietnamese to be carpet-baggers who came into the hills only to exploit them and steal their land. Taking advantage of this loathing, Communist Viet Cong guerrilla cadres from the north moved into the mountains, adopted tribal customs, even took *montagnard* wives in



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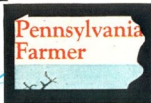
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"What's this,
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an effort to persuade the mountain people to join their ranks.

Training Program. But the Viet Cong overplayed their hand. They took rice and livestock from the *montagnards* in order to feed their guerrillas, used terror tactics against the more recalcitrant mountain villages. Tens of thousands of *montagnards* fled to government-held territory. Prodded by the U.S., President Ngo Dinh Diem's government has begun an attempt to win the *montagnards* over with a resettlement program. Even more important, U.S. military advisers have started a program to arm and train *montagnards*, who then are sent back into the hills to defend their villages and to keep the surrounding territory out of Communist hands.

Most of the recruits have come from the Rhade (pronounced Rah-day) tribe, drawn by the near-legendary tales about a young U.S. civilian named David Nuttle, 26, an expert hunter and a crack shot with the crossbow, whom tribesmen have dubbed *F-Dio*—King of the Rhade. Nuttle first arrived in Viet Nam in 1959 with the International Voluntary Services, a U.S. welfare organization, picked up the Rhade tongue on his extensive motorcycle travels through *montagnard* territory. An agriculture graduate of Kansas State University, he helped the Rhade develop better methods of cultivation, learned their customs, wrote two studies on Rhade culture. This year he became a U.S. Army civilian employee, was given the formidable task of wooing the Rhade away from the Viet Cong.

Attack Repulsed. At Nuttle's suggestion, U.S. military advisers work and live intimately with the Rhade volunteers—even to the extent of joining in the bruising drinking bouts with *kpie* wine that are a standard form of Rhade entertainment. After two weeks of military in-



DAVID NUTTLE & MONTAGNARD
From crossbows to rifles.



MACOMBER (WITH GLASSES) AT SOLOMON'S POOLS
From Hebron to Jerusalem.

struction, the volunteers head back for the hills to defend their villages. To date, not one of the 5,000 tribesmen trained has defected to the Viet Cong. Many *montagnard* hamlets have become almost fortresses, surrounded by bamboo fences, spikes and poisonous bushes called *kping*, whose tiny thorns enter the skin and cause temporary paralysis.

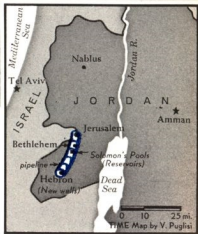
So successful has the rearming program been that two more training centers soon will open, and five more are in the planning stage. Three weeks ago, calling on the lessons learned from their military advisers, the Rhade evacuated a village under attack by a superior force of Viet Cong guerrillas, hid their weapons in pigsties, ditches, and under bushes in the jungle. The Communists soon abandoned the deserted village and the Rhade tribesmen, resupplied by air, filtered back, dusted off their hidden weapons, and waited for the next strike. When it came last week, the reinforced tribesmen sent the Viet Cong running.

JORDAN

Water from Washington

For centuries, the people of Jerusalem and Bethlehem have struggled to slake their thirst from the waters of Solomon's Pools—a chronically inadequate reservoir system eight miles south of Jerusalem. When a severe drought early this year indicated that even Solomon's skimpy source would be dry by late summer, Jordan's plucky little King Hussein braced himself for bloody water riots that have broken out during previous droughts. Then, in April, Central Water Authority Director Oliver Folsom, 53, a burly California irrigation expert on loan to Jordan from the U.S. Agency for International Development (AID), produced an idea. He proposed to hustling U.S. Ambassador in Amman William B. Macomber Jr. that

© Ecclesiastes 2:6, often attributed to Solomon, says: "I made me pools of water, to water therefrom the forest where trees were reared."



the impending water shortage could be avoided by feeding Solomon's Pools from a big new well at Hebron—if a pipeline could be laid on short notice across the 18 mountainous miles that lay between the source and the thirst.

Macomber went right to work. After a hasty survey, he sent an urgent cable to the Department of State in Washington requesting permission and supplies, emphasizing: "We must move quickly." In ten days, Macomber's request was approved and the necessary pipe located. Ten thousand sections of water pipe from the Normandy invasion had been carefully preserved in an Army warehouse in France since 1945. Army supply officers managed to catch a German freighter sailing for the Jordanian port of Aqaba, and 36 hours after the pipe had landed, Water Authority trucks had dropped the sections all the way from Hebron to the Pools. Working around the clock in the desert heat, Jordan army engineers connected the pipe at the rate of more than two miles a day while Folsom's Water Authority was installing pumps and a supplementary well at Hebron.

Last week, right on schedule, Hebron water gurgled out of the pipe into the Pools of Solomon. Returning from a six-week trip abroad, King Hussein was amazed: "I never thought water would be flowing to the people before I got back." The people of Jerusalem were even more startled to find the faucets running. "A miracle!" exclaimed Jerusalem Mayor Rawhi Khatib. Weary Ambassador Macomber passed his praise along to Washington: "That old foreign aid program gets kicked around the lot, but this time we really hit a home run."

THE HEMISPHERE



PREMIER BEFORE THE PRINCESS
A good time to court friends.

JAMAICA Lowering the Union Jack

In the buccaneering days of the 17th century, Jamaica was the lushest port of call on the Spanish Main. Out of old Port Royal, in its time the "wickedest city in Christendom," Henry Morgan and his marauding mates sailed to wreck and plunder. On their return, the pirates swaggered through the narrow streets with barrels of rum on their shoulders, harlots on their arms, daggers in their belts and ill-gotten pieces of eight in their pockets. An appalled visitor once described it as a place where "the body of a murdered man would remain in a dancing room until the

dancing was over. Gold and precious stones were cheap, but life was cheaper."

A Royal Tear. In 1692 an earthquake shook Port Royal into oblivion. Morgan's skull-and-crossbones flies no more, and now Jamaica has a new green, gold and black flag of its own to fly. Last week, after 307 years of British rule, the Caribbean island's 1,600,000 people celebrated their independence and became the hemisphere's first new nation since Panama gained freedom 59 years ago.

On hand to impart a royal flavor was Princess Margaret, a tear glistening in her eye as the Union Jack was hauled down for the last time. By sending the Queen's sister to the ceremony, Britain made it warmly plain that no hard feelings linger from Jamaica's abrupt rejection last year of the London-fostered West Indies Federation. Independent Jamaica has been assured a place in the Commonwealth.

From the U.S. came Vice President Lyndon Johnson, drawing greetings from President Kennedy. L.B.J. shook all hands in reach, passed out little American and Jamaican flags, talked help. Both British and U.S. officials pledged to help Jamaica get two essential credentials of nationhood—membership in the U.N. and in the Organization of American States.

An Old Proverb. Behind Jamaica's pomp lay some sorer economic circumstances. Despite its fairly high—for the Caribbean—per capita income of \$359, the country has a pressing want list for low-cost housing, sanitation and water systems, hospitals and roads. All through the week's celebrations, Jamaica's Premier, craggy-faced, white-haired Sir Alexander Bustamante, courted Johnson with extravagant words and gracious gestures, talked endlessly of U.S.-Jamaican solidarity, even offered to let the U.S. set up military bases on the island "when and if it pleases." British and U.S. aid programs are already in the works for housing and water projects: the U.S. will put up \$2,200,000 as a loan, and the British will lend another \$3,700,000 in cash and hand over some War Office land.

Before spry old Busta went off to Montego Bay, where he drank champagne, danced the twist and played the banjo at an all-night post-independence bash, he made it clear that Jamaica will remain in the orbit of the free world. "We are pro-American," he said staunchly. But he ducked questions about possible trade and diplomatic relations with Cuba, only 90 miles to the north. Perhaps he had in mind an old Jamaican proverb: "No cuss alligator' long mou' till you cross river."

HAITI

Putting On the Squeeze

The U.S. had about run out of patience with François Duvalier, the hard-eyed dictator who holds ruthless power in Haiti. All aid—amounting to \$7,250,000 this year—to Duvalier's graft-ridden

regime has been suspended for three months. No more arms are being sent in, and the U.S. has demanded a weapon-by-weapon accounting for the \$1,100,000 worth shipped in since 1960 to equip Haiti's regular army, air force and coast guard. Now, Colonel Robert Debs Heil Jr., chief of the 50-man U.S. Marine mission sent down to train Haiti's soldiers, has indicated still more U.S. displeasure. In a note, approved by the highest levels of both the Pentagon and the State Department, he coldly suggested that Duvalier abolish the brutal 8,000-man militia that operates as the dictator's irregular private army, terrorizing the French-speaking Negro republic.

Demoralized Army. In plain leather-neck language, Colonel Heil said that the *Milice Civile* was becoming Haiti's primary armed force, while the constitutional army was being neglected. He noted that the national Académie Militaire had been closed for months, and that army barracks everywhere were falling into disrepair for lack of funds. "Haiti in its present circumstances cannot afford to maintain two separate armies," wrote Heil. "The practice on the part of individual *militiens* or their leaders of establishing themselves as vagrant law officers exercising police authority has had a degrading effect on the regular armed forces."

Haitians call Duvalier's private bully boys the *Tonton Macoutes*, which means "hugemen" in Creole. They are paid as much as \$30 a month (high pay by Haitian standards), plus whatever they can extort from merchants and businessmen. When Duvalier wants to hold a rally, the *Macoutes* use their muscle to organize the crowds, commandeer trucks to carry the rosters to the appointed place. When Duvalier wants the opposition squashed, the *Macoutes* do the job. Three weeks ago, one of the "vagrant law officers" halted a bus near the village of Gressier, 10 miles southwest of Port-au-Prince, ordered out a peasant suspected of being anti-Duvalier, shot him three times in the back, twice more in the head, in full view of the passers-by. Last week a night watchman at a highway maintenance depot who refused to hand over supplies for the *Macoutes* was found beaten to death and his body tied upright with barbed wire.

Sudden Retirement. Though the U.S. is trying to compel Duvalier to mend his ways, Haiti's intransigent tyrant was still showing a preference for his own gang instead of the army. The army's chief of staff, General Jean-René Boucicaut, worried for his own safety, fled with his wife and children to asylum in the Venezuelan embassy. Swearing in a replacement, his fifth army boss in as many years, "Papa Doc," as Duvalier likes to be called, blandly announced that the 44-year-old Boucicaut had reached "the age of retirement."



OLD BUSTA WITH L.B.J.
No time to cuss alligators.



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the coachwork (it won a gold medal in London). Roll up the windows. Stretch out in the leather seats.

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TRUMAN & HOOVER
Out of the shadows, sage advice.

"What do retired U.S. Presidents do?" asked a lady some years back. "Madam, we spend our time taking pills and dedicating libraries," explained the most venerable expert on the subject, **Herbert Hoover**, 31st U.S. President, as he helped the 33rd, Harry Truman, dedicate his presidential library at Independence, Mo. Last week Truman was on hand to lead a crowd of 30,000 in singing *Happy Birthday* as Hoover, marking his 88th year, returned to his grass-roots birthplace at West Branch, Iowa (pop. 1,053), to dedicate his own library, the fourth presidential library created by Congress (others: Roosevelt's at Hyde Park, N.Y., Eisenhower's at Abilene, Kans.). But on this occasion, an ex-President did more than ribbon-snip. Speaking "as the shadows gather around me," Hoover took the United Nations to task. The world organization was racked by the "disintegrating forces" of the Communist nations, said the grand old Republican, and so he proposed a standby "Council of Free Nations" that would step in, with military force if necessary, "when the U.N. is prevented from taking action, or if it fails to act to preserve peace."

When the pilot touched the single-engine Beechcraft Bonanza down at Newfoundland's Gander airport and began discussing a flight plan, the officials were horrified. They surely would not permit **Marion Hart**, 70, to fly the Atlantic to Ireland. They wouldn't even let her have gas or weather reports. So she simply picked up what news she could about the weather from jetliner captains ("One pilot said it was nice and steady, but even he didn't seem to be very happy on less than four jets"), and gassed up at a small field. Then it was off across the ocean, with her navigator, a 49-year-old spinster, charting the route. Eleven hours and 1,828 miles later, the Beechcraft buzzed into Shannon. No reason to fret, said Mrs. Hart, who learned to fly at 53—after all, she had done it all before nine years ago.

Wearing the rosette of the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor in proper deference to his host, Tourist **Dwight Eisenhower** visited Paris' Elysée Palace to pay a call on an old comrade-in-arms. France's President Charles de Gaulle was waiting on the steps with a rare smile and a warm

PEOPLE

"cher ami." Then the two old warriors, both 71, went inside to lunch with 14 guests, including U.S. Ambassador James Gavin. "It was a quiet, small, very friendly, almost a family affair," reported Mrs. Gavin. Flying on across the channel for more of the same, Ike lunched at Buckingham Palace with Queen Elizabeth, paid a 15-minute visit to another wartime companion, recuperating Sir Winston Churchill, 87, who broke out the brandy (but, Ike noted, failed to fire up one of his famous cigars). Said Ike: "He looks like the same old Winston, alert and interested in things."

As a gleaming Cadillac appeared on the cliff-hanging road from Amalfi, shouts of "Presidentessa Kennedy!" rocked the medieval cliff-top town of Ravello, once a haunt of Europe's rich and noble but now a quieter resort of 2,500 population. Before long, vacationing **Jacqueline Kennedy** and Daughter Caroline were settled in Villa Sangro, the 11th century house rented by Sister Lee Radziwill, and then it was off to the beach. Jackie whizzed out into the choppy bay behind an Italian navy speedboat, holding Caroline on the water skis ahead of her. It was great sport for 100 yards—until mother and daughter nosedived into the water. An afternoon's outing to swim at a public beach drew an escort of a navy cutter and two police launches, which tried futilely to keep the omnipresent photographers at a distance. "We have never failed," trumpeted the leader of the long-lensed *paparazzi* pack; and Jackie graciously consented to pose, hoping they would take it a little easier in the future. As the picture-snappers closed in, Caroline snapped right



JACKIE & CAROLINE
In reserve, a juicy red tongue.



DE GAULLE & IKE
On the doorstep, a rare smile.

back with a toy camera—from the shutter popped a juicy red tongue emitting an unmistakable Bronx cheer.

While his 51-in. waistline does suggest a dirigible, Comedian **Jackie Gleason** never travels by plane, and sometimes even feels the squeeze on the train. Crossing the country to Hollywood two months ago to make a movie aptly titled *Papa's Delicate Condition*, Jackie found his rail accommodations of several drawing rooms much too cramped, and on his arrival pronounced himself "embarrassed" at the lack of space. So for his return to Manhattan, ample Jack went whole hog, rented an entire seven-car train (including three club cars) from several railroads and rolled out of Los Angeles last week in imperial style. Price of the ticket for Gleason, 45 "pals," including six dancing girls and a six-piece Dixieland jazzband aboard what the banners proclaim THE GREAT GLEASON EXPRESS: \$90,000.

Their five children have grown up and left their Connecticut home. Now the shy, long-seclusive Lone Eagle, **Charles A. Lindbergh**, 60, and his authoress wife Anne Morrow, 56, are building an aerie high on the vineyard-studded slopes of Corsier above Switzerland's Lake Geneva; just below is the villa of Charlie Chaplin, who also enjoys the secluded life. But it will be a year before the two are neighbors. All that is completed on the one-acre plot commanding a view that will please his aviator's eye is the wall that **Lindy** wants around his future home.

After nine knock-around years of marriage, Auto Heir **Horace E. Dodge Jr.** (age, 62; weight, 180) filed suit for divorce from **Gregg Sherwood Dodge** (age, 38; weight, 130), charging that she kicked and slapped him to the point that he feared "for his safety and existence." Her answer was a double-taker: "He's afraid of me physically? I can hardly lift him off the floor."



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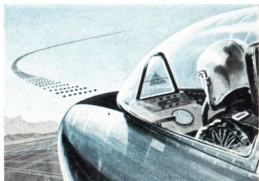
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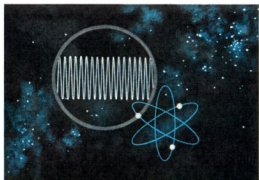
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McGUIRE & LINDSAY

Interns in Government

This summer 7,000 of the U.S. Government's employees in Washington are college boys and girls, working during their vacations at everything from ghosting speeches for Congressmen to sweeping out the Senate barbershop and digging graves at Arlington National Cemetery. Most of these toilers are Washington-area residents filling the handiest vacation jobs. They type, file and tabulate in a summer version of the classic civil-service grind. But among the roughly 2,000 students with more exciting work are college-sponsored "interns," who have proliferated in recent years through the pioneering efforts of Dartmouth, Wellesley and Yale to find lively Government jobs. The goal: to show that working for the Government can be exciting and rewarding enough to be preferable to some well-paid corporation job.

Campuses from Harvard to Vassar have sent a record crop of bright interns to learn how upper-government works, and even to work it. Vassar's Judy McGuire, 20, a finalist in last summer's Miss Rheingold contest, is spending this summer battling out speeches for Manhattan's Representative John V. Lindsay. While Judy thus preps for law school, her classmate Rita Goldstein, 20, works at the Treasury Department on the Administration's tax-reform plans. Over at State, the University of Wisconsin's Dennis Dresang, 20, helped run a reception for the Somali Republic's new Ambassador to the U.S., is also handling secret dispatches for the new U.S. Ambassador to the Sudan. Yale's college corps, the biggest of all, has 70 New Blues busy at everything from aiding Presidential Science Adviser Jerome Wiesner to perusing pornography for the Post Office. One Yaleman, Rhodes Scholar Lou Echols, 22, has even produced a solid

report on how the Russians view the U.S. shelter program.² His pleased bosses call Echols' work "most useful, definite priority stuff."

Spaghetti & Seminars. After work, the interns go on gobbling up political atmosphere in a college version of the Washington cocktail circuit. They turn quaint Georgetown houses into lively dormitories, spend their thin weekly Government salaries (about \$50) feeding each other wine-and-spaghetti dinners, and vie to impress each other—and each other's dates—with the latest poop from the office. On hot news, they like to boast, the intern network scoops the wire services by at least three hours. But they choke up dutifully on classified information, which doubly helps to promote what one Yaleman jokingly calls "the illusion of indispensability."

The interns are nonetheless doing not only first-rate jobs, but are also shaking up their elders in the best tradition of youthful inquisitiveness. Two or three times a week, the students pile into seminar rooms to shoot sticky questions at Capitol eminences, most of whom enjoy the battle and are likely to accept an invitation to continue it over spaghetti in Georgetown.

From Cartoonist Herblock to Supreme Court Justice Potter Stewart and former Secretary of State Dean Acheson, the guests talk freely because the seminars are strictly off the record. But leaks do occur. Out of one recent seminar, for example, came General Lyman Lemnitzer's acerbic remarks on General Maxwell Taylor's proposal to merge the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Not all the guests like the questions. Irked by one New York intern's penetrating queries on civil rights, an edgy Southern Senator snapped: "You tend to

your problems up there, son, and let us get along with ours. Next question."

For their part, the interns are freely accepting new ideas. Tulane's Eliot Levin, 18, "came here as a pretty closed-minded liberal" and devout Kennedy supporter. Having analyzed the medicare bill at first hand, Levin now finds "that the President can be wrong, and that maybe there is a conservative viewpoint that can be right in some cases."

Cleopatra's Lure. The White House itself is fostering such education this summer with a series of high-level lectures, open to all 7,000 collegians, in the D.A.R.'s sweltering Constitution Hall. Slated to speak this week on Government investigations, for example, are Senator John McClellan and Attorney General Robert Kennedy.

Some lecturers have mistakenly talked down to the students, notably Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield and Federal Housing Administrator Robert Weaver. "No better than a high school civics course," grumbled one typical listener. But most have won high marks; for example, Senator Hubert Humphrey, who regaled the audience with jokes about a recalcitrant Congress, FCC Boss Newton Minow, another winner, scored with jokes about his headaches ("as frequent as TV commercials") mixed with gentle proselytizing about the fascinations of working in Washington: "Government is really less like Dracula's bride than she is like Cleopatra—a woman of infinite variety."

No one is quite sure how many interns will take up Minow's message that Uncle Sam-wants-you. But the Pentagon, at least, reports that 50% of its interns want to return as fulltime employees. To President Kennedy, who plans soon to muster all 7,000 collegians for a send-off ceremony on the White House lawn, this is handsome profit for a hardheaded en-

2 They're not impressed.

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terprise. Said he, when the summer help arrived: "The Federal Government does not do this out of largesse. It does it because it hopes that you will become sufficiently interested in government as a career that many of you will come back."

Getting Ahead in Moscow

Passing tests to get into college is tough in Russia too. But for three years a few dozen youngsters with rich parents and poor minds found an easy out. They appealed to an enterprising young Georgian named Otar Pkhaldze, who soon after he got to Moscow in 1958 set up shop in the business of getting boys and girls into 13 top medical and technical institutes for fees running from \$1,600 to \$18,870. To find clients, who mostly came from Georgia, Pkhaldze hired agents on a commission basis or made a direct pitch by long-distance phone. In Moscow he organized a ring of bright students to take his clients' entrance exams. The ringers were experts at passing just well enough to attract no attention; they got \$2.88 a day plus an \$11 bonus for each test. As an added service, Pkhaldze supplied term papers on a piece-rate basis of \$22 to \$77 and bribed conniving college officials.

Pkhaldze—his ghosts fondly called him "Papa"—was so successful that soon he expanded to Leningrad's medical schools. He acquired a chauffeur-driven Volga limousine, dined regularly at Moscow's Aragvi Restaurant, where lavish tips earned him VIP treatment. He even treated himself to a vacation at Carlsbad in Czechoslovakia, where he posed as a movie producer.

Then one of Pkhaldze's students particularly disgraced himself by "debauchery" at Leningrad Pediatrics Institute, got questioned by suspicious officials, and spilled the beans. To the police, the parents of Pkhaldze's clients tearfully justified it, as *Komsomolskaya Pravda* put it, by "a passionate desire to have their children go to college, and by the poor preparation they received in high school." Last week Papa and five of his ghosts, having flunked a nasty courtroom exam, were enrolled in the pen for terms up to 15 years.

Teachers' Boycott

According to Arthur F. Forey, executive secretary of the California Teachers Association, strikes by teachers are "inappropriate, illegal, outmoded and ineffective." Forey prefers a polite new substitute called the "sanction"—in effect a boycott of "unethical or arbitrary" school districts. At the Little Lake city school district in a booming (aircraft) area outside Los Angeles, the 123,000-member C.T.A. is testing this new weapon.

The test is rooted back in 1958, when Little Lake called in some U.C.L.A. experts to measure how its schools were faring. Spurred by the unflattering report, Little Lake hired a vigorous new superintendent with a taste for higher standards. Superintendent William G. Stanley launched homework for all grades, reading by phonics, a stiffer grading system, mandatory foreign-language study, special classes for the gifted and the retarded. Up

went beginning teachers' salaries, topping any in the Los Angeles area. And up went student test scores, says Superintendent Stanley, "from well below national norms to equal or better those norms."

Little Lake's teachers supported this academic transformation—but C.T.A. charges that Stanley and the school board neglected "human relations" in the process. Sample beefs: Stanley requested administrators to pinpoint the "worst teacher" in the district, threatened to cut poor teachers' salaries if they did not resign. To combat such "intolerable personnel practices," C.T.A. unleashed the sanction.

The teachers' group published its complaints in a booklet sent all over California. It tried to defeat pro-Stanley candidates in a school board election. When this failed, C.T.A. urged all U.S. teachers



SUPERINTENDENT STANLEY
The bludgeon is called sanction.

to boycott the district. As a result, Little Lake's twelve schools (7,800 students) are far short of teachers for next term.

The school board appealed for a court injunction to halt further publicity. But last month the court ruled that since Little Lake failed to prove malice, it cannot stop C.T.A. from criticizing its schools. Sooner or later, Little Lake will probably have to give in and adopt C.T.A.'s recipes for "sound professional practices."

As angry Little Lakers see it, this would mean a drastic curtailment of Superintendent Stanley's drive for high teaching standards. Equally significant is C.T.A.'s heavy influence (by size alone) on its parent, the 812,000-member National Education Association. The "professional" N.E.A., which shuns teacher strikes, is being pressed toward militancy by teachers' unions. N.E.A. needs a competitive economic weapon, and C.T.A. has provided it. If this method works in Little Lake, the sanction may spread to other N.E.A. groups across the country.



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NORTHROP

THE PRESS

The Dog Days

"We're up 70,000 in Los Angeles," exulted Frank Couniff, national editor of the Hearst newspaper chain. "We're up 82,000 in Boston, 71,000 in San Francisco, 160,000 in New York. Hell, we're even up in Albany." Then he paused, considering the reason for this unpredictable circulation swell. "I'm just as sorry as the next fellow about Marilyn Monroe," he said. "I liked and admired her. But as long as she had to do it, what a break that she did it in August."

Across the U.S., even as they conducted their interminable public post mortems on the fallen star, other newspaper editors watched their sales soar—and silently endorsed the sentiments of the man from Hearst. For in the newspaper game, the dog days of August are a time of terrible drought. Circulation and advertising fall with a sickening thud; news simply evaporates under the late summer sun.

Parks & Polar Bears. In Boston, following a time-worn custom, *Herald* Managing Editor George Minot dispatched a platoon of newsmen to summer resorts on Cape Cod. "We just tell the reporter to drive and look," said Minot, "and whenever he sees an old lady doing nothing—talk to her." The *Omaha World-Herald* began a series on the city's 74 parks that could well last out the summer. The *San Francisco Chronicle* trumpeted an event that knows no season: HE FOUND LOVE IN ICE CREAM PARLOR. The *Oklahoma City Daily Oklahoman* and the *Topeka Daily Capital* sent photographers out for polar bear pictures at the zoo.

In New York City, where seven dailies scrap for the summer reader's indifferent eye, the news dearth becomes even more crucial. The *World-Telegram* launched listless crusades against pigeons (they carry lice and disease) and buses (the service is lousy). Amid a welter of daily stories about the Monroe suicide, Hearst's *Journal-American* still found two pages on which to reproduce a dozen letters that former U.S. President Herbert Hoover got from children. One desperate day, the *Herald Tribune*, which has been running a daily picture of unrepaired potholes in New York streets, abruptly shifted this feature onto Page One—and expanded the pothole from two columns to six.

Diets & Balloons. The summer news slump is not readily susceptible to solution. The *New York Times's* Assistant Managing Editor Theodore Bernstein merely ignores the annual doldrums, secure in the knowledge that the U.S.'s fastest paper always goes on a summer diet: from June to September the *Times* is ten columns leaner than in the cool months. (The headlines are leaner too. At week's end, the paper's major front-page news story, in column eight, had not supported more than a one-column head since July 26.) Eric Franklin, the *Boston Traveler's* acting news editor, encourages hot-weather prolixity in the staff: "The word

is 'Look, chaps, we're wide-open—don't worry too much about tight writing.'"

Such laxness can lead to trouble. Many newspapers followed Sherri Finkbine's quest for an abortion with sickening thoroughness. The Monroe suicide, admittedly front-page news, was ballooned to ludicrous proportions: 436 column inches in a single issue of the *New York Daily News*, 500 the same day in the *New York Post*—and 799 in the *Los Angeles Herald-Examiner*. In the cool of autumn, the papers might have had better sense.

Too Much Personality?

No U.S. President has been more copiously reported by the U.S. press than John F. Kennedy. Nor has any President paid more attention to newsmen—or kept more constantly in mind the uses of the



SISTER MARY PAUL
"I protest."

press. Is this good or bad? Last week in the *Nation* Magazine, a Roman Catholic nun on leave to study mass media supplied an answer. Wrote Sister Mary Paul, 32, of the Sisters of Mercy: "The American public is exposed to a dangerous phenomenon: the personality cult of the President. I protest—vehemently, vigorously, apolitically and almost alone."

Now studying for a doctorate in mass communications at Syracuse University, Sister Mary Paul based her protest on three points: "The suppression or the obscuring of significant news; the amassing by the President of personal power; and—most insidious of all—the irrational worldwide identification of him with the country as a whole. . . . Mr. Kennedy has become synonymous with the U.S.; his victories are American victories; his health, American health; his smile, his family, his hobbies, his likes and dislikes, become symbolic of the country." For

all this, says Sister Mary Paul, the press is largely to blame.

"The President and his family are natural for publicity, and journalists have not been slow to exploit the color, the drama, the human appeal that emanate from the White House. Galleries of type and yards of picture spreads about the birthdays of the children, the social affairs of the First Lady, the horsemanship of a sister, the recreational habits of the Attorney General's family, feed the public's desire to know all about the White House inhabitants. Everything goes to deepen the cult."

"That the mass media should so exploit the President and his family for circulation purposes is serious enough. But even more dangerous implications arise: the danger of the imbalance of the news. Every inclusion means a corresponding exclusion. And, even when significant news is reported, as prisoners of the cult we may be tempted to overlook it. Readers often prefer to be amused rather than informed. Who doesn't gravitate toward the human-interest story, perhaps to the neglect of the duller but more significant news? . . . The effect is the displacement, or downgrading, of significant events."

Sister Mary Paul proposes a solution: "Awareness, by the President, the public, the press. The White House—elections or no elections—should guard itself more stringently against frivolous reporting. Editors and [radio and TV] program directors should weigh news and features for inherent values. And the American people should be aware that we are beginning to respond to the Chief of State as we have responded to movie stars."

Show Business

*USA*1* was born in four colors and with high hopes. All he needed, said the new magazine's President and Editor Rodney C. Campbell, was \$1,000,000 (he had no trouble raising it) and 125,000 readers willing to pay \$1.25 per copy for a monthly blend of history and news. But not enough of the initial subscribers stayed around. Campbell's \$1,000,000 ran out quickly, and the 125,000 charter subscribers dwindled to 7,000. Last week, after just four issues, *USA*1* gave up the ghost. It merged with another publishing experiment: A. & P. Heir Huntingdon Hartford's *Show Magazine*.

Merger was a polite term for the end of *USA*1* and an attempt by *Show* to put on a little fat. *Show* has steadily nibbled at Hartford's fortune since its first issue last September, shelled out \$250,000 last January to gobble up *Hugh (Playboy)* Heffner's ill-conceived and short-lived *Show Business Illustrated*. *USA*1* will cost Hartford next to nothing. *USA*1* stockholders will be given an equity in the new corporation, *Show's* hope is to add a large part of *USA*1's* circulation to its own 140,000. Editor Frank Gibney and Campbell, who will join *Show's* staff, now face the task of stirring the arts, news and history, too, into a salable stew. But that's *Show* business.

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MODERN LIVING

LEISURE

The Second House

The Second Car, once the great American status symbol, has become the great American what-of-it—7,400,000 U.S. families now own two or more cars. The thing these days is to have a Second House.

Members of the upper crust, of course, have always had their country cottages for getting out of town when the weather was hard to take. The Emperor Tiberius, for one, used to beat the Roman heat on the cliffs of Capri, where some of the house guests at his verdant Villa Jovis were said to have disappeared into the sea below. Perhaps the most famed sec-

spot of land available for its owner's means. There are already more than 1,000,000 vacation houses in the U.S., and so many more are being built each year that there will be an estimated 2,000,000 by 1970.

Release from Tedium. The range of reasons for this new phenomenon is as diversified as the summer houses themselves. First is the traditional American hankering for outdoor life, perhaps heightened by the brush-fire spread of urbanization. Second is the growing amount of leisure—longer weekends, longer vacations and more money to spend. There is also the stepped-up mobility of modern life: superhighways and fast cars—even private planes—are bringing vacation

Blossoming Imaginations. The modern second house offers a fertile field for inexpensive experiment that excites both architects and owners. People who would not think of doing anything architecturally far-out on Main Street somehow let their imaginations blossom when they get away from it for the summer. Within the past decade a diversity of new building materials has given the owner of the second house the chance to create new shapes, employ new methods of construction and invent new ways of blending outdoors and indoors.

But the new vacation houses that are flowering in the land are not necessarily modern. Cape Cod cottages are sprouting on Cape Cod and off it, and prefab log cabins are proliferating beside lakes and trout streams—and even, as in the mountains just west of Denver, in regular rows like any suburban subdivision, with a few pine trees for greenery and a snowcapped mountain range for scenery.

Stippling the Dunes. In most areas, sites for second houses naturally stretch out toward the cool air. In Denver each summer weekend, the highways leading westward into the higher elevations of the Rockies are jammed with Denverites taking to the hills—the higher, the fewer. Midwesterners have no mountains, but their lakes abound, many of them created in the last 20 years as flood-control projects, which have opened up a whole new recreational world. Vacation houses are springing up around Missouri's Lake of the Ozarks, Table Rock, Taneycomo, and the new Pomme de Terre. In Kansas there is Tuttle Creek Reservoir and Fall River. Even in Minnesota (where the license plates proclaim 10,000 lakes), waterfront property is in short supply.

The Atlantic Seaboard is more familiar with the second house, but never have so many Bostonians—proper and improper—spread out in such numbers into the cool Berkshire Hills, or the trout-stream areas of New Hampshire and Vermont, or the watering places along the North Shore and Cape Cod. New Yorkers are stippling the dunes and potato fields of Long Island with daring new beach houses that are a far cry from the vast mansions of Southampton—the second houses of another generation.

California's demand for second houses has been so great that a new breed of architect has come into being to specialize in them (e.g., Campbell & Wong Associates, Francis Lloyd). San Franciscans, for example, stream out of their fogbound city in the late spring and summer. Those who can afford the best have summer houses along the northern Emerald Bay area of Lake Tahoe on the California-Nevada line; the less affluent have cottages around the perimeter of the lake. Other rich Californians have summer houses on the magnificent Del Monte peninsula near Carmel and Monterey. More and more ordinary families, however, are moving into the rugged country north of San Francisco.

Dramatically Different. One design for a second house now making great strides in popularity throughout the U.S. is



TIBERIUS' HIDEAWAY ON CAPRI
He would not have understood.

ond house of all is the exquisite Petit Trianon, begun by Louis XV for his mistress, Madame de Pompadour, and elaborated by Louis XVI's wife, Marie Antoinette. From the punkah-hung summer bungalows of Darjeeling to the marble "cottages" of 19th century Newport (where a four-bedroom, two-bath apartment has been fitted into what was once a dining room), most of the rich have had at least a second—and often a third, fourth or fifth—house to live it up in.

But for most middle-income Americans, summer usually meant merely a hotel holiday—until recently. Today, more and more have their own vacation houses, and more brains, taste, enthusiasm—and careful budgeting—are going into them than into almost any other field of architecture. The second houses range from modest cabins in the woods to elegant retreats that cost anywhere from a few thousand dollars to \$75,000 or more. They may be on the seashore, in the mountains, on a pond, or simply on the most convenient

areas nearer to metropolitan centers. And with the nation's population of those 65 and older growing faster than almost any other age group, the conversion of vacation houses to retirement houses is an increasingly attractive possibility.

The more modest of the second houses are often used only on weekends, but the great majority become summer-long retreats (or, for many, winter retreats) where the children grow up for three months, mother is released from the tedium of city or suburban life, and dad, after rushing out of his office at 5 on Friday and making the trek by auto, train or boat (or a combination of all three), can take his leisure for at least a few days in sylvan surroundings. It is no matter that he must often drain his bank account to carry the second house (as they have become more popular, coveted land sites have rocketed in price), or that he often returns to the city more exhausted than when he left; the second house often releases energies he never knew he had.



VACATION HOUSES range from rough cabins to gems of design, like this retreat of San Francisco Banker Derek Parmenter. Main room has turnaround fireplace that di-

rects heat to adjacent dining, living areas and sheepskin-benched inglenook. Built for \$22,000, house sits on stilts atop high bluff, affording panoramic ocean-mountain view.



CABLE CAR is easy route to "Hi House," glass-walled pavilion built

between two trees near Inverness, Calif. for Merchant Edwin Power.

PONDSIDE PALACE country house of Macy Executive John W. Straus, in Pound Ridge, N.Y., has separate sections for children, parents, dining and living.

JOHN MASSER—BLACK STAR



MODULE PLAN was basis of Cape Cod house of Magazine Art Editor Kirk Wilkinson. A \$10,000 bargain, it has lattice overhead that filters sun, is used year round.

ERIC SCHWAL





EXPANDED CABIN at Wellfleet, Mass., has become cozy woods house of Sculptress Lily Swann Saarenen, first wife of late Architect Eero Saarinen.

IVAN MASTEN—BLACK STAR





CONVERSATION PIT is center of house that Chicago Architect Harry Weese built for his family in Barrington, Ill. Catwalk connects bedrooms.

ARTHUR SIEGEL

MARTIN SCHNEIDER

SUMMER ROOM overlooks garden, swimming pool and sculpture court at Industrialist Burton G. Tremaine's elegant vacation home at Madison, Conn.



known, for obvious reasons, as the A-frame. Virtually nothing but a steep roof with glass at both ends, it is relatively easy to build and therefore economical. It is also versatile, as well as being dramatically different, both outside and in.

But whatever the size or shape of his house—and whether he is tightening his budget or damming the expense—the contemporary owner of a second house usually expends as much care in its planning and construction as he would in an undertaking costing many times as much; most are no longer satisfied with a fishing shack or hunting cabin. And wherever they are or whatever they cost, the second houses have a consistent common denominator: they are designed for informality, relaxation, easy living and no servants. Tiberius would not have understood the situation at all. And Mrs. Astor, whose second house at Newport required a staff of 30, would simply have looked the other way.

FOOD & DRINK

Half Shot

One of the minor satisfactions of life is the sight of a bartender pouring a little above the white line that graces most shot glasses. To most tipplers, the line signifies an ounce, and they are pleased by what seems to be a bonus. In fact the bartender's generosity is only good psychology: even when filled to the top, few shot glasses nowadays hold the ounce of whisky that everyone thinks he is getting. Instead, the trusting drinker may be tossing off anything from a half-ounce to seven-eighths.

The man behind the bar (or, more realistically, the man who owns it) knows that there are only 25 or 26 one-ounce shots in a fifth of whisky, while a three-quarter ounce shot glass will dole out 31 drinks. A bar thus can make an extra \$2 to \$5 a bottle by skimping on the size of the shot. In one San Francisco hotel- and bar-supply house, the manager lined up five shot glasses—all with identical fluted bottoms, all exactly the same size and shape. But one held five-eighths of an ounce, the next three-quarters, the next seven-eighths, the next one ounce and the last an ounce and a quarter. Says George Walton, owner of the American Bartenders School in Chicago: "Most shot glasses today are sort of an optical illusion. Some of them taper so much on the inside that you can't even get your little finger into the bottom of the glass." What looks like solid whisky is usually nearer to solid glass.

At various times, various souls have tried to make honest men of all barkeepers. It has been the law in Illinois since 1949 that no whisky, gin or rum may be served in less than a one-ounce container. But most drinkers have only their own instinct to provide protection. Says Joseph Amann, a Chicago bar-equipment dealer for the past 38 years: "A man has a built-in measure in his mouth. If a drink doesn't burn as much as it did before, he knows he's getting gyped."

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SHOW BUSINESS

HOLLYWOOD

Thrilled with Guilt

Despite the grandeur of its funeral appetites, Hollywood is always graceless and uneasy inside its mourning clothes. Its undertakers are suntanned. Its dead lie listening to Muzak in poets' nooks. Its grief requires CinemaScope—so big, so awful, so thrilled with guilt. When Marilyn Monroe was buried last week in Los Angeles, Hollywood's heavy embrace was forcefully restrained, but there was little mercy in its absence. Here and there, film stars nudged past the line of true mourners to hear their terrible tributes into print. At the mortuary, Marilyn's coiffeur set her bone-white hair in the Marienbad manner while her studio makeup man (another somber volunteer) worked over her. In the words of one mourner, they made her look "like a child in slumber."

The Glory of Blame. Away from her small circle, taste ran to still deeper reaches of the macabre. Newspapers approached the frontiers of necrophilia with old cheesecake photos of her, then turned sly cameras to the inside of her coffin, the shambles of her home, the sad wealth of her sleeping-pill collection. Using a hidden camera, one photographer stole a shot of her toes as she was placed in a steel drawer at the morgue. Reporters took grave delight in noting that her temporary address was Crypt 33, where a cold description of "the fabulous figure" could be read on tags tied to her toes.

Eager as the world's press was to help Hollywood to the glory of blame ("Sodom!" cried *Liberation* from Paris), it could not match Hollywood's own enthusiasm for its role as the guilty one.

Grips and bit-players who a month ago talked of taking ads in the *Hollywood Reporter* to scold Marilyn for costing them their jobs in *Something's Got to Give* suddenly realized that the something was Marilyn. They joined bigger stars and gossip columnists in an orgy of self-incrimination—a morbid way of boasting that to have helped kill her was, after all, proof of having known her intimately. "In a way we're all guilty," Hedda Hopper concluded. "We built her up to the skies, we loved her, but left her lonely and afraid when she needed us most."

The Price of the Image. But guilt became a bitter pout when Joe DiMaggio, Marilyn's second husband once removed, arrived in town to bar Hollywood from the funeral. His quiet, classic plea for privacy extended even to Mrs. Pat Lawford, sister of President Kennedy and one of Marilyn's last close friends. When Marilyn's attorney complained that DiMaggio was keeping all her friends away, DiMaggio coldly answered: "If it weren't for those friends, she would still be alive." Only Peter Lawford publicly complained ("I'm shocked"), but Marilyn's movie friends, smarting from exclusion, made their voices heard in the mounting chorus of vague epitaphs.

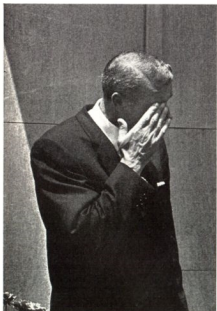
Their apologies only masked a darker, more important failure—the cloying, pervasive inability to understand her—or any other complicated soul—the lie of grabbing belated responsibility where none had ever existed. Marilyn was never more than Hollywood's plaything, when she might have been its lesson and its guide. What things she had to say were never heard because her voice was a dog whistle in a town accustomed to brass bands. Her misery was less the price of living up to an image too big for her than living down the reflections of her own abysmal past and her inability to share the lessons it taught her. In a sense, Marilyn Monroe never existed,

as Lee Strasberg, her drama coach, noted in his eulogy: "I have no words to describe the myth and the legend. I did not know this Marilyn Monroe."

Merciful Silence. Under DiMaggio's hand, the funeral was sober, orderly and brief. But even burial did not bring the long wake to an end. The temptation of mystery was too strong to ignore, and gossipists busied themselves with its narrow questions. Mexican Film Writer José Bolanos was suggested as Marilyn's tragic Lothario, and a friend in Mexico City announced breathlessly that Marilyn and he had intended to marry in September. Writers even troubled themselves with the identity of the anonymous mourner who sent \$50 worth of roses to the funeral—together with a love sonnet from Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Marilyn's troubled financial state was suggested as meaningful: apart from her \$77,500 house, which carried a \$35,000 mortgage, her property consisted of some \$4,000 in cash plus clothing, furs and jewelry. For the past two years she had restricted herself to \$20 a week pocket money.

Some kept mercifully silent. Joe DiMaggio was one, Arthur Miller, her last husband and only interpreter, said simply: "She could have made it with a little luck." He could not believe her death was suicide. She had, he once said, "the gift of life"—a classic pantheism. "Please Don't Kill Anything" was his title for a short story he once wrote about her and the litany he had her speak in *The Misfits*. Her gift, he had said, was a response "to the most elemental part of the human being near her, his propensity for hurting or helping, and he is immediately stimulated by the fact that he is really being looked at." On the screen, her genius for humanity was transparent yet obscure; at the funeral, Strasberg called it "wistfulness, radiance and yearning."

The Unique Force. Yet the final mood of Marilyn Monroe is embarrassment. First taken by the world only as a vapid comedienne, she strove to become both



MARTY COLE—SANTA MONICA OUTLOOK—GILLON
MOURNING DiMAGGIO



PALLBEARERS AT THE FUNERAL

The temptation of mystery was too strong to ignore.

When the Northern Lights run wild...



When Arctic skies are ablaze with the arcs and rays and luminous curtains of the aurora borealis, scientists know that there has been a solar flare—an explosion that has swept a billion square miles of the sun's face, hurling dangerous, high-energy particles deep into space.

Today, as America's first manned flight to the moon draws near, the Northern Lights have an ominous new significance: the solar particles that cause them might be fatal to astronauts.

Research scientists from three divi-

sions of Lockheed are at work on this new problem:

Lockheed Missiles & Space Company is cooperating with the University of Alaska and the Air Force in a Navy-sponsored experiment to determine the true nature of these solar particles and to devise instruments for measuring them.

Lockheed-Georgia Company's nuclear

laboratory is developing ways to shield space travelers against the particles.

And Lockheed-California Company, taking millions of time-lapse photos of the sun from its solar laboratory, is working toward an accurate method of forecasting solar flares—so that space flights can be scheduled to avoid them.

LOCKHEED AIRCRAFT CORPORATION, BURBANK, CALIFORNIA: *Aircraft, Spacecraft, Satellites, Missiles, Electronics, Propulsion, Nucleonics, Shipbuilding, Ocean Systems, Heavy Construction.*

LOCKHEED

Tale of the Capricious Clock

by
Julian P. Van Winkle,
President
Stitzel-Weller
(Old Fitzgerald)
Distillery
Louisville, Kentucky,
Established 1849



Alben Barkley used to tell about the clock his father borrowed from a neighbor.

"He kept Mr. Dunn's clock a week," Mr. Barkley related, "but could never tell the time of day or night."

"I should have told you about that clock before I let you have it," the neighbor explained. "When the hand points to eight and she strikes twice, that means it's half-past three!"

There's the same chance for mix-up when you buy your whiskey solely on its stated age.

The label may "point" to eight years, yet the whiskey itself may taste like "half-past-three,"—or even worse!

Depends on *who* made the whiskey and *how*.

Light-bodied whiskeys mature quickly, then go on to pick up unpleasant flavors from the charred oak barrel.

Full-bodied Bourbon, on the other hand, accommodates itself to a heap of aging, adding to its mellow character as year after year ticks slowly by.

Our OLD FITZGERALD is one such bourbon with the happy faculty of growing old with surprising grace.

It enters the oaken aging casks with sufficient body to resist the woody flavor of the staves, and emerges after six years or more, clean as a pin—the most satisfying bourbon any man can pour.

To you who desire the ultimate in bourbon enjoyment, I am pleased to offer our very first bottling of Bonded ten year Very OLD FITZGERALD.

From my lifetime experience I honestly believe this is the finest bourbon ever produced at our 112-year-old family distillery.

If you will write me personally, stating the retailer of your choice, I will save you a bottle, or happily even a case.

Kentucky Straight Bourbon
Always Bottled in Bond
Mellow 100 Proof



ELLA FITZGERALD (LEFT), VIC DAMONE (WHITE SHIRT) & CAST ON "LIVELY ONES"
For Ford-driving youngsters past rock 'n' roll.

an actress and an intellectual, and in death somehow became something more. As the London *Daily Mail* noted, her death has "impoverished the public stock of harmless pleasure." The arid, senseless argument that follows it—suicide or accident?—only heightens the general shame in a quibble over whether a token of death amounts to death itself. To say that she died while trying to live (the hand on the telephone) only avoids the issue of her unhappiness, turning despair into a mechanical event measured in milligrams of sleeping potion.

Marilyn Monroe's unique charisma was the force that caused distant men to think that if only a well-intentioned, understanding person like me could have known her, she would have been all right. In death, it has caused women who before resented her frolicsome sexuality to join in the unspoken plea she leaves behind—the simple, noble wish to be taken seriously and soulfully. It had also caused a desperate Turk to slash his wrists after seeing *How To Marry a Millionaire*, caused lonely men to offer her marriage proposals a dozen times a week for the past ten years, caused doleful girls to attempt the impossible in pathetic imitations of her. Just as her life kept hopeless plans alive, her death was the trigger of suicides in half a dozen cities. Vague, troubled, shy, unsure of her beauty, unsure of her sex, she was honest, frightened, weak and baffled. All the same she was a star; it hardly matters that she never quite became an actress.

TELEVISION

New Life

In the dolor of television's long dull summer, almost any new face would have been welcome. But with last week's show, NBC's *The Lively Ones* had outlived the first blush of its July arrival in such splendid shape that it was clearly more than a

child of summertime's special forbearance. With a polished, inventive approach to the musical variety-show format, *The Lively Ones* is indeed lively and, more than lively, likable.

By cutting away all the waste-time of introductions ("... and now, folks, a really wonderful performer and a great human being..."), apologies, thank yous and goodbyes, Producer-Director Barry Shear, 39, makes room for as many as seven acts, each appreciatively longer than usual. Host Vic Damone, who sings one song a week, provides sketchy continuity by turning up here and there in the company of two whoopsy and ridiculous girls, who squirm in their chairs, giggle and twist while the musicians play.

Each of the sets is shot in a different, often bizarre locale—supposedly the terrain covered by "the lively set," whom the show's publicists define as Ford-driving youngsters who have outgrown rock 'n' roll. Last week's show had Trumpeter Shorty Rogers at a Nike-Zeus site, Pianist Nero playing beneath a radar scanner, the New Christy Minstrels on the Pacific beach near Los Angeles; also another show starred Ella Fitzgerald. Stan Kenton realized what must have been a lifelong ambition by directing a field of playerless instruments dangling from wires, while the real orchestra sat off in the wings and played a pretentious Kenton work called *Existencia in Brass* that sounded like *Malagueña*.

Future shows (Thursdays at 9:30 p.m., E.D.T.) will have Peggy Lee, André Previn, Dizzy Gillespie, Buddy Greco and Chris Connor, among others. As of now, the show will expire September 13th, when, with feather duster and senseless sighs, *Hazel* returns to take its place. But the show has already attracted such favorable attention that Producer Shear is getting executive-suite feelers for a possible winter series.

THE FARMER'S WIFE

A GOOD LIFE AS WELL AS A GOOD LIVING

FIRST LADY of the land

This is the women's magazine
farm women depend on.

"The Farmer's Wife" arrives each month as an important part of FARM JOURNAL. Bound together, they help the farm family achieve a good life as well as a good living.

"The Farmer's Wife" is an important reason why FARM JOURNAL is the nation's #1 farm magazine—subscribed to by more families than the next two farm magazines combined.

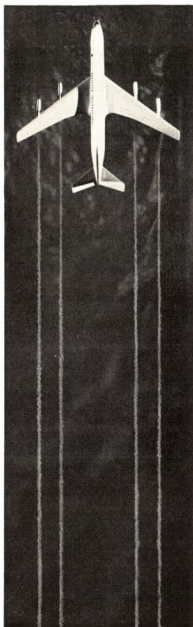
FARM JOURNAL

First In The Hearts Of Countrymen . . . and women





London
already?



Time certainly
whooshes by



on the world's
most interesting airline

Time goes fast on PIA because flying with us is **different**. Our Pakistani hostesses believe serving guests beautifully is a pleasure. An unusual viewpoint. Equally unusual, the food. Unusually good. During dinner, sip wines with a French accent. Afterwards, wipe your hands with a towel dipped in rose water. Then settle back and watch a new Broadway movie. Flying to London, Rome, Frankfurt, Geneva, Beirut, Teheran or Karachi? Have your travel agent book you aboard one of our Boeing 707 jet flights. Economy class low group fares available to qualified groups of 25 or more. PIA, 608 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, New York. Phone: LT 1-0600.



PAKISTAN INTERNATIONAL AIRLINES / GREAT PEOPLE TO FLY WITH



If money grew on trees where would Pinch be?

Undoubtedly, in shorter supply than ever. As it is, there's barely enough Pinch for those Scotch-lovers who contentedly observe the ancient law: you get what you pay for. When you pay the price for Pinch, you get Scotch the way the Highlanders of

old intended it. Back before so many Scotches lost character. Pinch is brawny. Forthright. The no-nonsense Scotch for the no-nonsense man. Why are you waiting for trees to sprout money? Don't you deserve the luxury of Haig and Haig Pinch right now?

People who prize Scotch pay the price for Pinch®

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY. 86.8 PROOF. BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N. Y.



What delivered 25% more sales for Kretschmer?

Kretschmer Wheat Germ used to concentrate their advertising in newspapers and spot radio. Sales results were disappointing, so they turned to Reader's Digest—exclusively.

"After helping reverse our declining volume, the Digest helped give us our best year ever," reports President Charles H. Kretschmer. "In just one month, sales went up 25%."

With sales continuing to grow, Kretschmer plans to run more than twice as much Digest advertising in 1962 as in any previous year.

Perhaps the Digest could help increase the sale of your product.

*People have faith in
Reader's Digest.
U.S. circulation
over 13,300,000.*



RELIGION

Heavyweight Champ

"The foundation of New Testament Christianity is being destroyed," Evangelist Billy James Hargis bellowed into the mike at the Fourth Annual National Convention of his anti-Communist Christian Crusade last week in Tulsa. "God is being attacked from every quarter. Although life under Communism would mean the abolition of worship, certain socialistic clergymen in the U.S. are propagandizing for unilateral disarmament and ultimately world government including the Communist nations."

The audience loved it (although several frowning ladies walked out when, during subsequent speeches, Columnist Westbrook Pegler began to tell how he once "got loaded" in the course of some journalistic duties). Up between each of the speeches popped Hargis. "Friends, I want you to carry as many of these books home as you can," he said, waving a copy of his *Communist America . . . Must It Be?* "There's 15 chapters, 300 pages, and they're four for a dollar. Now a lot of you people say you can't afford this anti-Communist literature. Now this is four for a dollar." Another time: "The Christian Crusade hotel is now open at the foot of Pikes Peak. Now it's just two for six dollars a day, and children under twelve are free." Finally: "How many of you weren't here yesterday? Oh-h-h—I'm going to have to take another offering."

Faith & Politics. Among American evangelists, Billy Graham earned national fame for the sincerity of his gripping, Bible-centered oratory, and Tulsa's Oral Roberts for his emotional faith-healing sessions; Billy James Hargis has made his name with a blatant melding of fundamentalist faith to extreme right-wing politics. Age 37, he stands a shade under six feet, but weighs almost 275 lbs., in rolls of fat that start at his jowls and balloon into an elephant-sized waistline. Except when he is drumming up donations, Billy James Hargis is deadly serious onstage—but he nonetheless lays the serious cause of anti-Communism open to ridicule.

Hargis (g as in give) came from a strongly religious family. His father, a dollar-a-day truck driver during the Depression, was an elder in Texarkana's Rose Hill Christian Church. Hargis recalls that "the first promise I made was to read the Bible all the way through every year. But I haven't had time recently to continue it." After graduating from high school, Hargis got a job in a defense plant, earned enough money in six months to quit and enter the Ozark Bible College at Bentonville, Ark., in 1943. "I stayed a year and a half," he says. "Frankly, I left because I felt like I knew everything."

He was ordained a preacher in the Disciples of Christ at the age of 17, and, with the encouragement of one of his Bible College teachers, began to tour the Southwest, preaching at revival meetings. "He said I had promotional ability," Har-

gis says. "That's all evangelism is—promotional ability." Promotional ability earned Hargis four pastorates, but he soon gave up the ministry to work full time as a radio preacher.

Better than Healing. Hargis had relatively little following outside Tulsa until 1954, when a sharp-eyed advertising executive named L. E. ("Pete") White, who had successfully publicized the booming career of Oral Roberts, took an interest. White finds that the anti-Communist angle which Hargis uses is better than either straight evangelism or faith healing. "Radio evangelists probably get less than a dollar a letter," says White. "A lot of those people write in for help without

of all life's mysteries in one package, just as a man with bills at many stores might consolidate his debts with a bank loan so as to owe only the bank. Humanists reject both consolidations as equally delusive.

Contemporary Humanism is catching on. Last week, at the Third Congress of the International Humanist and Ethical Union in Oslo, 400 sober-minded Humanists were on hand, representing more than 300,000 of their fellow believers in 24 countries. Although West Germany subsidizes some Humanist organizations, and The Netherlands allows them to have their own army chaplains, Humanist societies are generally denied the recognition that governments accord to religious groups. But what they lack in privilege, the Humanists make up in prestige: the ranks of the American Humanist Associa-



PREACHER HARGIS AT TULSA CRUSADE CONVENTION
"Oh-h-h—I'm going to have to take another offering."

any contribution at all. Anti-Communism is not as big in volume as either healing or evangelism, but the donations run between two and four dollars."

Hargis was dropped from the Disciples of Christ ministerial roll in 1957, does not preach in any church now. He appears via film and tape on 141 radio and 24 television stations, and spends 20 days each month speaking on tours through the South and Midwest. Says he: "I always worry when I give a sermon and the offerings are not up to standard. I ask myself, 'Where did I fail?' But he is usually able to keep up standards; last year Hargis' crusade took in nearly \$1,000,000.

The Supreme Being: Man

The Renaissance "Humanist" was a foe of medieval scholastic philosophy, an admirer of the Greek and Latin classics. Now Humanist means a believer in an ethical nonreligion, in which the Supreme Being is man, and prayer is "a telephone conversation with no one at the other end." To Humanists, God is a bundling up

of heavy with scientists and intellectuals, and the international union boasts such influential leaders as British biologist Julian Huxley and two Nobel prizewinners, British Agriculturist Lord Boyd Orr and U.S. Geneticist Hermann Muller.

From Atheists to Agnostics. Chief purpose of the Oslo congress was a discussion of long-range Humanist goals, and talk at the six-day session centered on the problem of how to develop a mature (meaning nonreligious) personality, and how Humanists could help preserve individual freedom in an overorganizing world. The socially conscious delegates also thought about goals closer to hand, passed a resolution approving the anti-hunger work of the United Nations' Food and Agriculture Organization as "a notable example of Humanist action." To abet the work of FAO, Humanists of the world were urged to work for better birth-control campaigns at home, and for the industrialization of underdeveloped nations.

Delegates ranged from dedicated atheists to questioning agnostics eager to cooper-

ate with well-meaning Christians in building the good society, and they differed widely in their attitude toward religion. Norwegian Psychiatrist Gabriel Langfeldt argued that individuals would, in the future development of mankind, have to make a choice between religion and ethics: "Crediting ethics to supernaturally inspired messages and to revelations has led and still leads to brutal wars. Ethics, anchored as it is in purely human needs,

orders of priests, monsignori, bishops, archbishops, cardinals and the Pope.

Slowly but surely, the long-passive Catholic laity are beginning to rebel. As both the quality and quantity of Catholic education have improved, sons and grandsons of Catholic immigrants have begun to question the old, priest-run order. Widely read in papal encyclicals, knowledgeable about the Catholic liturgical movement, many modern laymen are

everything of importance has been in the hands of the clergy." Callahan points out that Pope John XXIII, in his preparations for the Second Vatican Council, appointed a preparatory commission to discuss the role of the layman—but it did not occur to Rome to name representatives of the laity to the commission, and no Catholic layman will participate in the deliberations of the council.

Task for Vatican Council? The reactions to unfulfilled promises, says Callahan, are already plentifully visible: "The unwillingness of many recent Catholic college graduates to join parish or church organizations; the flight from Catholic higher education of many young Catholic scholars; the transference of the zeal of many apostolic Catholics from Church to secular organizations; the desire of innumerable Catholics to detach themselves from any cultural attachment to the Church, to lose themselves in a sheltering, pluralistic society." Callahan thinks that the frustration of lay hopes could lead to anticlericalism, but sees a more immediate danger in the dissipation of the contemporary layman's eagerness to serve. "The whole lay apostolate," Callahan warns, "could simply wither away to a feeble, insignificant movement, of little consequence to the ongoing life of the Church."

Ultimately, lay hopes for the future rest on the Vatican Council, which has a rare opportunity to promulgate reforms that would give the layman a more vital role in his church. What the laity want, Callahan concludes, is for the clergy to do some soul-searching and, in the context of the Council, to think seriously about how the layman could be used in the service of God. "To even face the problems and needs, much less to find solutions to them, will require much boldness. But it is a boldness not impossible for the Church."



HUXLEY



MULLER



LANGFELDT

Prayer is a phone conversation with no one at the other end.

will always win where religion and ethics come into conflict."

"We Cannot Go Back." Belgian Astronomer Karel Cuypers pointed out that Humanism is the heir of organized religion, and warned the delegates that totalitarian ideologies may take advantage of the decline of organized religion to substitute themselves for God. "The loosening of the grip of religion has created great danger both for religion itself and for Humanism," Cuypers warned. "But we cannot go back. We cannot return to irrationalism and to mysticism without denying ourselves."

Does Humanism's godless, man-centered faith offer much hope to the world? So far, the world as a whole has its doubts, but Humanists are convinced that their emphasis upon life here and now frees man to concentrate upon the improvement of the earth he occupies. Sums up Humanist Langfeldt: "As man becomes more educated, mysticism and dogma disappear and are replaced by rational thinking. We believe in the goodness of men. If we can get rid of the political and religious pressures burdening man today and encourage his honesty, generosity and intelligence instead, we can make a better world for all of us."

The Lowly Catholic Layman

Compared with his Protestant neighbor, the U.S. Roman Catholic layman has traditionally been something of an ecclesiastical G.I. An active Protestant can take an active part in running his church by joining a board of trustees, and an intensely concerned one might reasonably aspire to succeed Industrialist J. Irwin Miller as president of the 40-million-member National Council of Churches. But among Catholics, the layman is low man in the ranks, subject to the spiritual

opently unhappy in parishes where the spiritual life is conducted along lines that were new a century ago.⁸ Talking about the "emerging layman" is now a favorite parlor game of Catholic intellectuals. Some clergymen—notably Monsignor John Tracy Ellis of Catholic University and Bishop George W. Ahr of Trenton—have publicly worried that a new anticlericalism is on the rise among Catholics.

Exhortation v. Inertia. Last week, concluding a series of nine articles on the role of the laity in the church, the lay-edited Catholic weekly *Commonweal* published a notable analysis of current relations between U.S. laymen and their priests, by Harvard-educated Daniel Callahan, 32, an associate editor of the magazine and co-editor of a scholarly collection of Protestant-Catholic ecumenical studies, *Christianity Divided*.

"The Church," writes Callahan, "is in the midst of a revolution with which it does not have the means, juridical or theological, to cope." Popes and contemporary theologians alike have exhorted the layman to become more active in the service of the Church; the new breed of well-educated, spiritually alert layman is eager to do so. Yet, thanks to centuries of lay inertia and clerical imperialism, the "Church's organizational and institutional life has been the sole responsibility of the clergy; from the teaching office of the Church down to the most remote parish

⁸ "Sermons are usually built around the catechism," complained Physicist Charles Herzfeld, writing about "Our Wasted Intellectuals" in the July 6 issue of *Commonweal*. "This is simply not good enough. Parish activities, where the featured speaker is a football coach, are not good enough, nor are bazaars, nor novenas." Parish life, he says, often gives "a great and deep sense of being outcast, and of being abandoned by the Church."



"COMMONWEAL'S" CALLAHAN
Frustration leads to anticlericalism.



HAVE YOU MET THE CHAIRMAN OF THE "BOARDS"?

The name is boxboard. It can economically package cosmetics, drugs, soaps, foods, candy, beverages, paper goods, paints, roller skates, sports equipment, hardware—any product that needs a strong, rigid carton. And, since boxboard can be laminated to foil and countless other modern materials, you can put the quality touch on the carton surface, for utility and beauty. Cylinder boxboard is one of the most versatile materials in the world . . . and Continental produces the finest, giving you just the right caliper, coating, lamination, print and design . . . a carton with plenty of buy appeal. Whatever your needs for boxboard—from cartons, to toys, record albums, luggage, furniture or freight-car linings—call Continental Can Company, N. Y. 17, N. Y.

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FOLDING CARTON DIVISION / CONTINENTAL HAS THE RIGHT PACKAGE FOR YOU



ART



BODMER'S ENGRAVING OF MAXIMILIAN & SELF (TOP HAT) WITH MINNETAREES
Calm in the face of a massacre.

The Prince & the Painter

One can never tell what will turn up in an old Rhine castle. In 1958, poking under the beds and into the closets of Neu-wied Castle, a Knoedler Art Galleries executive found water colors and sketches that completed the most graphic record known of the look and life of the American West three decades after Lewis and Clark. Last week a third of the collection went on exhibition at Omaha's Joslyn Art Museum, the rest to follow in May.

In 1833, Alexander Philip Maximilian, naturalist, explorer, and Prince of Wied, decided to make a foray into the little-known Western regions of North America. He took along a young Swiss artist named Karl Bodmer to draw and paint what they could see. Their trip, which lasted a year, was filled with marvels of scenery and encounters with the Indians. At Fort McKenzie, in what is now Montana, Bodmer made portraits of the Blackfeet who came to trade there. One dawn the Blackfeet were attacked by neighboring tribes, jealous of the Blackfeet's trading privileges. Bodmer sketched the massacre—the best eyewitness scene of an Indian fight ever made—while the prince set down notes: "We were awakened by musket-shot upon which we rose in haste and loaded our fowling pieces with ball."

Later Bodmer and Maximilian spent five months at Fort Clark, in what is now North Dakota, where they were introduced to some Minnetaree chiefs by their interpreter, Toussaint Charbonneau. They apparently got friendly enough for the explorers to give one Indian a stovepipe hat. Bodmer's drawings of U.S. Indians were never hasty impressions but bold portraits of individuals, with meticulous notations of their clothing and decorations, their expressions and personalities. Back in Europe, Bodmer made engrav-

ings of 81 of his sketches and watercolors to accompany Maximilian's two-volume *Travels in the Interior of North America* (1839). Then all the art was put in the principality's archives, and left there.

Karl Bodmer lived the remainder of his life in Barbizon, the artists' colony in the forest of Fontainebleau outside Paris, painting and teaching. One of his protégés was Jean François Millet, and as Millet's fame ascended, Bodmer's diminished. Finally, in need of money, Bodmer was forced to sell part of his collection of Millet drawings and paintings. He died in 1893. His legacy of art was bought from Knoedler this summer by the Northern Natural Gas Co. of Omaha, whose board chairman, John Merriam, is a trustee of the Joslyn Museum. Northern keeps ownership of the art, but the museum becomes permanent custodian. Reported price: \$750,000.

A Tearless World

U.S. painting divides into two epochs: before and after the Armory Show of 1913. That year, from the vaulted bastion of Manhattan's 69th Regiment, Marcel Duchamp's stroboscopic *Nude Descending a Staircase* strode jerkily into public awareness; Tin Pan Alley came up with *That Futuristic Rag*; and the nation was swept up in a fever of excitement over something called Modern Art. Of the many artists who rallied behind this great debut of modernism, one stands as the prime mover: Arthur Bowen Davies.

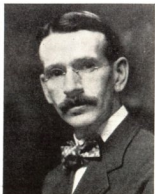
Davies was an odd choice for commander in chief in the modernists' battle against the academics. Though Davies was friendly with the original members of the realist Ashcan School,² his own paintings pictured a vernal never-never land of ca-

vorting nymphs and nice little girls, a tearful world where Purity and Joy joined in allegorical dances and virgins herded unicorns beside an unruffled sea. His work had become vastly popular with the public, and Davies' support for the Armory Show was proportionately influential. He rallied a group of wealthy, art-minded New Yorkers (including his own patronesses, Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney, Mrs. Cornelius J. Sullivan and Miss Lizzie P. Bliss), organized a foraging trip to Europe to bring back the best of modern art.

Non-Cubists Were Square. The Armory Show made its point, and it made movements like cubism so popular with collectors that those who failed to embrace it were thought to be square. Even Davies experimented with angular nudes, but they turned out more prismatic than cubistic. Soon Davies found not only his style but also his life altered, for he grew weary of backing a movement with which he had no basic affinity. Always a mystic, he withdrew increasingly into seclusion.

Within a few years he was dabbling in a curious pseudo science called the "lift of inhalation," which maintained that Greek art owed its excellence to the fact that the thorax, not the brain, was the center of the emotions and that all Greek figures were shown consciously inhaling rather than exhaling. After painting the murals for International House at Columbia University in 1924, he suffered a heart attack, went alone to Europe to recuperate. While painting in Florence in 1928, he died. So deeply had he drawn the veil of mystery over his last years that his wife had difficulty in locating his body.

Rhythmic Tranquillity. In Utica, N.Y., where Davies was born 100 years ago, a retrospective collection of his art is now on show. The 98 works at the Munson-Williams-Proctor Institute include oils, watercolors, two tapestries, and some small bronzes. Some of the oils, like *Crescendo* (see color), are filled with the slender nudes which Davies used not so much to people his landscapes as to punctuate his rhythmic compositions. And the tranquil quiet of *Our River Hudson* seems removed by much more than half a century from the birth of the brash modern movement that Davies supported so willingly if not so understandingly.



PAINTER DAVIES
A deep believer in inhaling.

² John Sloan, William Glackens, George Luks, Robert Henri, Everett Shinn.



POSTURING NUDES ARE PART OF ARTHUR B. DAVIES CENTENNIAL SHOW IN HIS HOME TOWN, UTICA, N.Y.

ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO, MR. & MRS. MARTIN A. RYERSON COLLECTION



THOUGH ALLIED WITH ASHCAN SCHOOL, DAVIES DID GENTEEL SCENES LIKE "OUR RIVER HUDSON."

My
Burroughs
and I can
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MEDICINE

The Pills

Whether the American woman was seeking motherhood or trying to avoid it, she was subjected last week to nerve-racking reports about drugs she might be taking:

FOR CONTRACEPTION. The million or so women who have been using the new pills to avoid conception were victims of frightening reports from Britain and Norway. Several women in the U.S. and Britain have suffered from thrombophlebitis while taking norethynodrel,[®] and a few have died, said the *British Medical Journal*. In Norway, health authorities read the British report and hastily yanked the drug off the market.

Fact is, each year one out of every thousand women under 45—regardless of whether she is taking Enovid, or aspirin, or no drugs at all—will have an attack of thrombophlebitis. In a few of these cases, a blood clot from an inflamed leg or pelvic vein will travel to the lungs and cause serious illness or death. The danger that this will happen is known to be markedly greater in pregnant women.

At least 50,000 U.S. women have been watched carefully by their doctors while taking Enovid, and no ill effects have been reported. Though the Food and Drug Administration is studying the cases of women who developed thrombophlebitis while taking Enovid, it sees no proof yet of cause and effect, and no cause for alarm—only the need for caution.

DURING PREGNANCY. How narrow was the U.S. escape from the epidemic of malformed thalidomide babies became clear last week when Health, Education and Welfare Secretary Anthony Celebrezze announced that thalidomide (U.S. trade name: Kevadon) had been given to 15,900 U.S. patients, including 3,300 of child-bearing age, at least 207 of whom are known to have been pregnant. Most of the 207 women have had their babies, and apparently they did not take thalidomide in the second month of their pregnancies when it would have been harmful. As yet, no malformations have been reported.

For the future, said Celebrezze, the rules for testing new drugs should be tightened to provide that:

- ▶ Manufacturers give FDA full details about distribution of drugs to doctors for investigational use in human beings.
- ▶ Human tests shall begin only after extensive animal tests, and then must be executed by qualified investigators.
- ▶ Manufacturers must notify FDA and all investigators immediately if a substantial doubt develops about a drug's safety, and FDA should have the power to stop further trials of the drug.

FDA, said the new Health Secretary, will issue such rules in about 60 days.

[®] Marketed in the U.S. by Chicago's G.D. Searle & Co. as Enovid; in Britain as Conovid, and in other countries as Enavid. A related British drug is Anovlar.

Smoking During Pregnancy

The U.S. Government plans to persuade 2,000 women to stop smoking. The aim is not simply to encourage abstinence from tobacco, nor will a woman become eligible merely by making known her desire to give up cigarettes. To qualify, a woman must have smoked during one recent pregnancy and be willing to quit smoking while carrying another child.

The experiment has been organized by the National Institutes of Health as part of a huge ten-year study of 50,000 pregnancies and the health and growth of the resulting children. Smoking during pregnancy is of special interest to the research-

Research Institute have demonstrated that acetonitrile—a breakdown product of burned tobacco—can be detected in the urine of anyone who smokes three or more cigarettes a day. The women participating in the experiment will have to give daily urine specimens for analysis to make sure they are not cheating.

Two Against Measles

It was a summer Sunday afternoon—no time for kids to be in school. But the high school cafeterias in Virginia's Fairfax County were crammed with yelling youngsters aged one to twelve. Any one of them might have screamed at the prospect of a single injection, but the young Virginians were all about to be jabbed twice. Out of every five, one was to be stuck with a third needle to draw a blood sam-



MEASLES VACCINATION IN VIRGINIA'S FAIRFAX COUNTY
The obstreperous got their pants rolled down.

ers because women who smoke seem more likely to have their babies prematurely. And prematurity, despite recent medical progress, is a hazard to health and even life: 50% of all babies who die in the first month after delivery are among the 7% born prematurely. Some doctors, though, see no direct connection between smoking and prematurity; they argue that the problem is a matter of temperament, that high-strung women who smoke would have a high proportion of "preemies" anyway. To make sure, NIH's Dr. Richard Masland wants to check the same mothers before and after they quit smoking.

The design of the experiment is straightforward enough, and it might have been started earlier but for one drawback: there was no way to check on the women being tested to make sure that they did not sneak an occasional secret drag. Now NIH has found a chemical detective. Researchers at San Antonio's Southwest

ple in the largest single measles immunization program yet organized in the U.S.

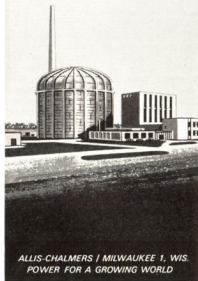
One Time, Two Shots. The original measles vaccine developed by Harvard Virologist John F. Enders (*TIME* cover, Nov. 17, 1961) and co-workers is highly effective. But used alone, the attenuated (weakened but still live) virus causes fever in 80% of vaccinees, and a rash in 50%—reactions too much like natural measles to be acceptable to many parents. The killed-virus vaccine does not have these side effects, but neither, says Enders, does it confer long-lasting immunity.

Virologists, pediatricians and public health officials have worked out a compromise. They give the live vaccine, and at the same time they give an injection of human gamma globulin, the blood fraction that contains antibodies against measles as well as against other diseases. The "GG" has staved off fever in all but about 20% of children already double-vaccinated

NEW THINGS
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Netherlands Reactor Goes Full Power!

Now in full operation, this is the latest in a series of research and test reactors, for European installation, including others in Italy and Sweden. They are important steps in Europe's Euratom program . . . and all were designed and built by Allis-Chalmers.



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and has eliminated the rash in all but 3%. Most important, the GG does not keep the children from developing enough of their own antibodies to give them lasting protection against natural measles.

The county health department and the local medical society nominated socially conscious Fairfax County, largely populated by commuters from adjacent Washington, as a test area to see if the public would accept one-time, two-shot vaccinations. Newspapers and radio stations publicized the free shots. Despite the kids' vocal protests, last week's answer was encouraging: 3,865 children showed up.

For the Brave, the Arm. After stating that their children had never had measles, parents pushed, pulled or carried the kids into the cafeteria-clinics. For the brave ones, two rolled-up sleeves sufficed for a shot of vaccine in one arm and GG in the other. Kids who went into tantrums had to be held while their pants were rolled down and they got a needle in each buttock. The one child in five who gave a blood sample will be bled again in about a month, for comparison of before-and-after antibody levels. All parents got a form on which to report whether their children develop a fever or rash.

If the Virginia experiment is as successful as expected, the cries of needle-shy pre-teen kids should soon be heard across the U.S. No measles vaccine has yet won Government approval, but nine manufacturers are working on it.

Cries for Help

Nowhere in the world is suicide, or the threat of suicide, taken more seriously than in Los Angeles. Though several U.S. cities have first-aid stations for those seeking help to save themselves from self-destruction, only Los Angeles has a full-fledged Suicide Prevention Center.

Financed by the National Institutes of Health to the tune of \$100,000 a year, the S.P.C. keeps a staff of eight constantly on the alert. Its telephone (CApitol 5-2388) jangles on an average of 2,500 times a year, often with calls from people reporting that a relative or friend—usually meaning the caller himself—is contemplating suicide. At least nine times out of ten an answering psychiatrist, psychologist, social worker or skilled secretary is able to talk the caller out of immediate action and arrange an appointment. Only rarely are the police alerted to trace a phone call and race to the caller's home while he is kept talking. Marilyn Monroe was addicted to making periodic phone calls asking for help from her analyst and friends. But the night she died, she did not call the S.P.C., where the telephone is manned the clock around, seven days a week.

Facts & Fables. The S.P.C. was founded in 1958 by a pair of Veterans Administration psychologists, Drs. Edwin S. Shneidman and Norman L. Farberow, after they discovered that the Los Angeles county coroner's office had been filing suicide notes for years and had amassed more than 700 of them. By mining and refining this lode of research ore, the psy-



PSYCHIATRIST LITMAN
Each year 2,500 dial CApitol 5-2388.

chologists were able to establish some general truths about suicide. Examples:

- ▶ A person who threatens suicide is a definite risk. In many cases he will do just what he says; practically everybody who attempts suicide gives some warning of his intent.
- ▶ The incidence of suicide is not related to the season, the day of the week, the weather, or the phases of the moon.
- ▶ Relatively few of those who try to take their own lives suffer from the crippling mental illnesses classed as psychoses. The only emotional disturbance common to nearly all of them is depression, with the danger greatest just when they seem to be recovering.

Layman's Guide. Psychologists Shneidman and Farberow reported their technical findings in a book, *Clues to Suicide* (McGraw-Hill; 1957), and put out a layman's guide to suicide prevention in *The Cry for Help* (McGraw-Hill; 1961). Along with Psychiatrist Robert E. Litman, medical director of the S.P.C., and other professional staff members, they are enrolled as deputy L.A. coroners. They conduct psychological and psychiatric examinations in selected cases among the county's 8,000-a-year suicides, attempted suicides and suspected suicides.* Last week Coroner Theodore J. Curphey picked Litman and Farberow to study all the available evidence and tell him as much as anybody possibly could about what had been going on in Marilyn Monroe's mind before her death.

* Suicide ranks as the eleventh most common cause of death in the whole U.S. population, but (fourth after cancer) in white males aged 25-45. Death certificates record 20,000 cases (three-fourths of them men) annually. But many authorities believe the actual number is two or three times as great, because many suicides are never detected or are deliberately misreported as accidental deaths in order to collect insurance or to spare relatives.

MUSIC

In the Legato Line

The conductor appeared transformed by the music. His pudgy body swayed on the podium; his moon face was pop-eyed with pleasure. Occasionally, listeners close to the stage could hear him snort with excitement. At Manhattan's Lewisohn Stadium, Conductor Josef Krips gave agile proof that he is descended from a long line of conductors of the Viennese school, a special breed that has all but disappeared from the world's concert halls, a line that once rang with such great names as Gustav Mahler, Felix Weingartner (Krips's teacher), Franz Schalk and Bruno Walter. What those artists had in common, says the Buffalo Symphony's Krips, was a sense of continuity, a conviction that music should be "one long legato line." Krips's own legato line as he conducts Beethoven and Brahms is as admired as any in the world, and at Lewisohn it has become the artistic high point of the summer concert season.

The hallmark of a Krips performance, as capacity crowds learned last week, is not only continuity but clarity, momentum, and an unremitting sense of tension that lends new life to the weariest warhorses in the world of music. Last week the programs included the Beethoven *Seventh* and *Ninth* symphonies, and the Third "Leonore" Overture—and for each work, Krips provided fine readings that did full justice to the music's grand design while ignoring none of its wondrous intricate detail.

Prayer & Pickles. Krips's belief that "we must apply the technique of the singer to the instruments" stems from his own early training. Son of a physician, he sang for ten years in boys' choirs under Vienna's leading conductors. Weingartner

hired him as chorus master of the Volksoper when he was only 18, and by his mid-20s, when he was appointed music director of the Hoftheater in Karlsruhe, he was already building a reputation as one of Europe's finest opera conductors. For three wartime years (1942-45), he labored in a pickle factory; at war's end he virtually rebuilt the musical life of Vienna by pulling together the Staatsoper and the Vienna Philharmonic.

Krips took over the Buffalo Symphony in 1954, and under him it has performed with a professional polish that would do credit to a city several times Buffalo's size. Part of the trick in leading an orchestra, suggests Krips, is adroit use of psychology. For the first year, he asked the Buffalo musicians to pray before every concert: "I told them we are not playing Beethoven, we are privileged to play Beethoven; let us pray that we have the blessing to play it well."

Practice & Perfection. Now one of the world's most widely traveled conductors (120 concerts and 76,000 miles in a recent season), Krips moves restlessly between an apartment in Buffalo, a chalet in Switzerland, and hotel suites around the world. At 60, he believes that "human life is too short to know even one great work to perfection"; although he has conducted the Beethoven *Ninth Symphony* again and again (17 times this season), he feels that he is a long way from mastering it. ("In five years my Beethoven will be entirely different.") He recalls that 14 years ago he heard the late Bruno Walter lead a dazzling performance of Schubert's "Unfinished" Symphony. Backstage, Conductor Walter responded to Krips's congratulations with a look of surprise. "But, my dear," said he, "you must not forget that I am 71."



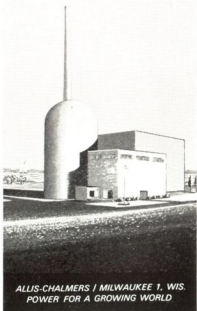
CONDUCTOR KRIPS AT LEWISOHN STADIUM
The weary warhorse takes on life.

DAVID GARR

NEW THINGS ARE HAPPENING IN NUCLEAR POWER AT **ALLIS-CHALMERS**

First Power Reactor for America's Dairyland!

The Atomic Energy Commission has named Allis-Chalmers to design and build Wisconsin's first power reactor — a 50,000-kilowatt plant capable of serving the electrical needs of a community of 75,000 people. Allis-Chalmers will also train operating personnel for this new nuclear installation.



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Portable Nuclear Power for Antarctica!

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LYMAN (ON VIBES) WITH COMBO
The willing audience whoops back.

Mood Merchant

A conch shell wailed, the conga drums thump-thumped, the bamboo sticks clattered. The four men on stage were constantly on the move—clacking wooden blocks, scratching a corrugated gourd, flailing away at Chinese gongs, weaving rhythms that were insistent, sinuous and hypnotic. Occasionally, when the spirit moved them, they barked like seals or whooped like cranes. The happy audience at Chicago's Edgewater Beach Hotel rattled the rafters whooping back.

Many a stereo bug could recognize the sounds immediately—and name the man who was making them. At 29, Arthur Lyman and his group of Hawaiian musicians are staples of the pop-record market. One album alone, titled *Taboo*, has sold close to 2,000,000 copies, and Lyman fans buy each new effort (*Yellow Bird*, *Hawaiian Sunset*, *Taboo Vol. 2*) with the enthusiasm of rare-stamp collectors. Back home in Hawaii, Lyman's mistily exotic mood music has been copied with varying success by a dozen groups. It draws tourists by the gross to the Shell Bar in the Hawaiian Village Hotel, where Lyman holds forth when he is not on tour (and where television's *Hawaiian Eye* show, on which Lyman has appeared, often stops for a drink). With record sales and the kind of capacity crowds he was drawing last week, Lyman will make about \$120,000 this year.

A Little to Drink. The group's repertory is varied and immense—300 songs ranging from Israeli folk music to rock 'n' roll. By the time Lyman has finished arranging them, however—building in parts for castanets, chimes, tambourines, cow bells and even the jawbone of an ass—they all take on the same exotic, Oriental flavor. To give listeners the impression that they are in the rain forests of Brazil, Lyman and his men cut loose at regular

intervals with what they hope are authentic bird cries. At its best, the group has a delicate, haunting sound that none of its imitators can match.

Arthur Lyman was born on the island of Kauai, the youngest of eight children of a Hawaiian mother and a father of French, Belgian and Chinese extraction. When Arthur's father, a riveter, lost his eyesight in an accident, the family moved to the island of Oahu and settled in Makiiki, a section of Honolulu. Arthur's introduction to music was on a toy marimba. Each day after school, Arthur's father put some old Benny Goodman records on the phonograph and locked Arthur in his room with orders to "play along with the records for the rest of the day." Arthur "hated it" but he also learned: "I mastered every [Lionel] Hampton solo."

By the time he was 14, Lyman was good enough to play with a combo in a Honolulu jazz cellar; from there he graduated to the Martin Denny Trio, which plays music something like Lyman's but with more of a jazz feeling. About that time, he married a divorcee from Sacramento, Calif., who still serves as his group's business manager.

Not Like a Bird. It was while he was with Denny that Lyman discovered the value of bird calls. One night, he recalls, he had "a little to drink," and when the trio began playing the theme from the movie *Vera Cruz*, he tried a few experimental squawks. "The next thing you know," says he, "the audience started to answer me back with all kinds of weird cries. It was great."

It was so great, in fact, that it became Lyman's trademark when he started his own group. He never rehearses his calls. "There's really nothing to it: you just open your mouth and yell a little bit." But not everybody can do it. For some reason, Lyman says without malice, Martin Denny could never sound like a bird.

SPORT

Sitting on a Rooster Tail

It is risky enough to blast a sports car along a track at speeds up to 180 m.p.h. But in a boat, it borders on the suicidal. Powered by supercharged 2,000-h.p. engines, the big, unlimited-class hydroplanes just about fly—touching the water only with the propeller and two spousons each the size of a water ski. A patch of rough water can send a boat somersaulting to destruction, and woe to the hapless driver who gets caught behind a rival's arcing 30-ft.-high rooster-tail wake. Last week, as 200,000 boat-racing buffs lined the shores of Seattle's Lake Washington, twelve of the big hydros took off after one another in the 54th annual Gold Cup regatta. It looked more like the Battle of the Coral Sea.

In the first of three, 30-mile heats around the wind-chopped lake, *Miss Seattle Too*, bounced, dug her nose into a wave, flipped end over end, and disintegrated into a heart-stopping cloud of spray, smoke and plywood. A Coast Guard helicopter plucked Driver Dallas Sartz from the wreckage, miraculously with nothing worse than a broken left leg. No sooner had the next heat roared away around the oblong course than another Seattle boat, *Tempest*, threw a connecting rod and burst into flames. The Coast Guard whirlybird dipped down to rescue Driver Chuck Hickling, but his boat was severely damaged.

Grocery Cart. The Gold Cup's eventual winner was no surprise to the fans. In three furious heats, Hometown Driver Bill Muncey, 33, pushed his orange and white *Miss Century 21*—owned by Seattle's Willard Rhodes, head of the Thriftway grocery chain—to an average speed of 100 m.p.h. for the 90 miles, deftly sliding around the hazardous turns, hanging on for dear life in the booming straights. Grinned Muncey, as he climbed out of the boat, "That's the fastest little grocery cart in town."

The victory was worth \$11,000 in prize

money, but the cash was only part of it for Muncey. He earned a niche in racing's Hall of Fame just behind the greatest pilot of all time, Gar Wood. Between 1917 and 1921, Gar Wood won the Gold Cup five times running, at 57.5 m.p.h. average speeds. In today's considerably faster company, Muncey has beaten all comers four times, the last two in a row.

Broad and muscular (5 ft. 8½ in., 175 lbs.), Muncey started racing outboard motorboats at 14, first drove a limited hydroplane in 1947, when he broke in on smaller boats with 65 m.p.h. top speed. Eight years later, Designer Ted Jones, whose *Slo-Mo-Shun IV* revolutionized hydro design in 1950, gave Muncey his first crack at the really big boats by picking him to drive the first of Owner Rhodes's *Miss Thriftway* hydros. Muncey barely missed winning the Gold Cup his first time out, then came on to win in both 1956 and 1957.

Corsets & Asparagus. He had his closest call late in 1957. Thundering along the Ohio River at 175 m.p.h. during the Indiana Governor's Cup race, *Miss Thriftway* blew up spectacularly, hurling Muncey into the water. Luckily, he broke no bones; but he spent weeks in the hospital recovering from internal injuries, now wears a steel corset in every race. He sank the second *Miss Thriftway* in 1958, when he lost a rudder and rammed a 40-ft. Coast Guard patrol boat. He placed a close second in the 1959 Gold Cup competition, won it for the third time in 1961 on fastest overall average speed.

When he is not racing, Muncey—once a cool saxophone player with Gene Krupa's band, later a radio disk jockey—manages a Seattle Thriftway supermarket. In that hydro-happy city, he is something of a demigod. He recalls with amazement: "I've had a mother call me up on the phone and say, 'Mr. Muncey, can you come over and talk with my boy? I can't get him to eat asparagus.'" Asked after last week's race if he had enough, with four Gold Cups to his credit, Mun-

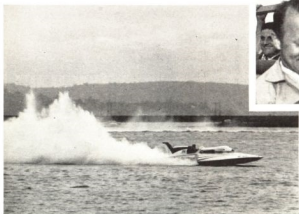
cey answered: "Well, I don't like banging old Bill around. I'm only 33, but this is my 10th year of racing. I've got back trouble, kidney trouble, and races like today don't help any." But as long as there's a chance to win, he is sure to keep on competing.

By Double Fault

In 49 years of Davis Cup play, the U.S. has won the cup 18 times. But the grand days of U.S. amateur tennis supremacy, like those of Ivy League football, are long gone. Since 1950, Australia's strong-armed youngsters have ruled the courts; the U.S. has won only twice, the last time in 1958—and then with a Peruvian, Alex Olmedo, playing as a member of the U.S. team. In 1960 and 1961, the U.S. could not even make the finals, bowing out both times to Italy in interzone competition. Last week the U.S. 1962 Davis Cup team ran true to form: it lost to Mexico in the American zone preliminaries.

Playing in the thin-aired altitude (7,434 ft. above sea level) of Mexico City's Chapultepec Sports Center, the U.S.'s Chuck McKinley started out as if he meant to deflate the Mexicans entirely. Having one of his good days, the erratic McKinley routed the No. 1 man on Mexico's team, Rafael Osuna, in straight sets, 6-2, 7-5, 6-3. No matter that the U.S. team's No. 2 player, Jon Douglas, lost a tough, five-set match to Mexico's veteran Antonio Palafox. The U.S. was favored in the doubles, and McKinley seemed sharp enough to win his second singles match, which would give the U.S. at least a 3-2 edge.

But it was not to be that way. As McKinley's doubles partner, Davis Cup Captain Robert J. Kelleher chose Dennis ("The Menace") Ralston, 20, a temperamental Californian whose best showing was as a member of the winning Wimbledon doubles team in 1960, but whose uninspired play since then ranks him only eleventh on the list of U.S. players. In the first set, the U.S. had a 4-2 lead when Ralston's service fell apart. For the first time in Davis Cup memory, a game was



MARSHALL LOCKMAN—BLACK STAR

"MISS CENTURY 21" WINNING CHAMPION MUNCEY

"I've got back trouble, kidney trouble, and races like today don't help any."



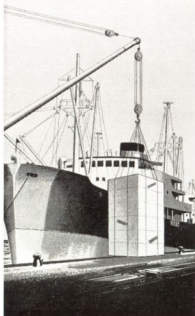
BOB CARVER

"MISS SEATTLE TOO" DISINTEGRATING

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First Reactor
Ready to ship!**

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lost at love on four successive double faults. Quick to seize the advantage, Osuna and Palafox fought back to salvage the set, 8-6. In the second set, the hapless Ralston served eight more double faults—overshooting the service line. All told, he served a grand total of 18 double faults, surely a record in Davis Cup competition. Though McKinley—and Ralston, too—fought gamely to the end, managed to stretch the match to five sets, their confidence was gone. Mexico's Osuna and Palafox walked off the winners. Said Ralston, in tears when the match was over: "There were only three men on the court. I let everyone down. I should have quit this game when I was 17."

Before a screaming crowd of 3,200 on the final day, Osuna, who developed his tennis game at the University of Southern California, beat Jon Douglas. Though McKinley won as expected, Mexico took the competition, three matches to two. Next for the surprising Mexicans is the American zone final against Yugoslavia in Mexico City this weekend. After that, the American zone winner will fight it out with Sweden, the European champion, and India, winner in the Far East, for the chance to challenge Australia in December. And all the while, the U.S. will once again be on the sidelines.

Scoreboard

► "Pressure's Off the Mets Now," deadpanned the New York Post. So it was, Casey Stengel's fumbling, stumbling newcomers to National League baseball lost their 82nd game (v. 29 wins), going down, 7-5, before the Los Angeles Dodgers and thereby setting a new record: they eliminated themselves from the National League pennant race earlier in the season than any other ball club in the 87-year history of the major leagues. Even if the Mets won all 51 of their remaining games, they would still finish with an average of less than .500; since at least one N.L. club must therefore finish above .500, the Mets are out mathematically as well as really.

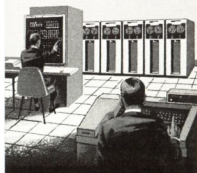
► At Utah's Bonneville Salt Flats, Los Angeles Physician Nathan Ostich, 52, roared down the twelve-mile straightaway in his jet-powered *Flying Caduceus* racing car for an assault on the world's land speed record (394.2 m.p.h.). He was up to 331 m.p.h. at the three-mile mark when the sleek red-and-chrome car suddenly veered off course. Ostich popped the eight-foot parachute brake; the *Flying Caduceus* skidded wildly for nearly two miles, snapped off a wheel, hopped briefly into the air and shuddered to a halt. Unhurt, Ostich surveyed the wreckage and growled: "Was I safe at first? That was a long slide."

► On the fourth day of the annual yearling auction at Saratoga Springs, N.Y., the horse-trading Fasig-Tipton Co. set a new world's record: a Keswick Stables chestnut filly sired by Swaps, 1955 Kentucky Derby winner, went to Paul Mellon's Rokeby Stable for \$83,000—highest price ever paid for a yearling filly at public auction.

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**Advanced
Concepts...
Aimed at
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Nuclear fuel reprocessing . . . nuclear superheat . . . fast-breeder reactors . . . they're all part of our research and development in this vital field. Constant evaluation and testing are involved, using highly specialized laboratory and extensive computer facilities. Outstanding minds are leading the work, speeding the day of dependable nuclear power at low cost.



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SCIENCE



BRITAIN'S MAN-POWERED "PUFFIN"
Pedaling after Da Vinci.

The Pedal Pushers

The snubby nose of the broad-winged aircraft looked as if it had been flattened against the white cliffs of Dover. The propeller sprouted out of its tail like a designer's afterthought. In the cabin, the pilot rode a first cousin to a bicycle, and he was pedaling furiously. A covey of anxious friends checked his progress.

The strange craft lurched down the runway at De Havilland's Airfield in Hatfield, England, until it reached almost 20 m.p.h. Then the pilot pulled back on his handle-bar control, and the plane glided all of 8 ft. into the air. Sweating profusely, 39-year-old John Wimpenny quit pedaling, and *Puffin*—so named because of all the puffing it took to get it in the air—wafted back to earth.

Thin Skin. Last week not only *Puffin's* puffers, but two other teams of British aeronauts as well, were attempting to accomplish what Leonardo da Vinci had failed to do nearly 450 years ago: build and fly an aircraft powered only by man. The payoff is tempting: a \$14,000 prize donated by London Industrialist Henry Kremer, 55. The rules of the contest are deceptively simple. All a citizen of the Commonwealth has to do is fly a heavier-than-air craft over a figure-eight course, around two turning points not less than half a mile apart. According to requirements spelled out by the Royal Aeronautical Society, the plane must be launched from ground level; it must be powered and controlled by the crew over the entire flight in a wind less than 10 knots. No energy-storing devices such as rubber bands or batteries may be used. But the altitude need not be high—only 10 ft. at start and finish.

Wimpenny, a De Havilland aerodynamicist, has been experimenting with man-powered flight ever since the '40s. Two years ago, after Kremer offered his prize money, Wimpenny organized the Hatfield Man Powered Aircraft Club and designed *Puffin*. Spars were made from spruce. The plane's framework was covered with a plastic film one three-thousandth of an inch thick. As it took shape in a hangar, *Puffin's* fuselage grew to 20 ft., its wings spread out for 84 ft. Practicing in the cockpit, Wimpenny took the classic pose of a racing cyclist—body

bent forward, hands on a low-mounted handle bar.

In *Puffin's* maiden flight last fall, Wimpenny's legs churned bicycle pedals that turned both the main landing-gear wheel and the 9-ft. propeller attached to the plane's tail. *Puffin* stayed aloft for less than a minute. Not until spring did Wimpenny manage a 993-yd. flight, and even then his aircraft could not make the required figure-eight turns. Said Wimpenny last week as he waited for calm weather so that he could try again: "We can now turn *Puffin* right 'round."

Straining for Second Wind. Racing to beat Wimpenny and his crew to the historic flight are two other British flying clubs. Southampton University aerodynamics students have built *Sumpac*, which has an 80-ft. wing span and also uses a pusher propeller. Their pilot is long-distance Runner Martin Hyman, who pedals in a low-slung cockpit while reclining on his back. *Sumpac*, which made its maiden flight one week before *Puffin*, is still given to ground loops and violent yaws that its pilot is unable to control.

The Southend Man Powered Aircraft Group is trying still a third approach. Their craft, scheduled to fly this fall, will be powered by two men pedaling side by side in a reclining position. The group decided on a two-man crew because of "a better power-weight ratio." The reclining position for the cyclists was chosen because it allowed for the design of a nose less resistant to the wind. Thus far, Britain's man-powered flight enthusiasts have been able to achieve outputs of little better than one-half horsepower. And they are little closer to their goal than Da Vinci was with his flapping bird, than mythical Icarus was when the sun melted his wings and he crashed in a shower of feathers into the Icarian sea.

Proving the Past

Archaeology once appeared to be the domain of science fictioners. The digger merely seemed to exercise his imagination in reverse. Instead of forecasting the far-out future, he re-created the long-lost past. From a few hunks of bones he built dinosaurs. In the ashes of ancient camp fires he saw the life story of extinct societies. He re-created primitive artifacts from the flimsiest shards. Today, says



P.A. REUTER

PILOT WIMPENNY

British Digger Don Brothwell, he and his colleagues go even farther than that—but they guess even less. From aviation to atomic physics, from electronics to chemistry, a whole host of sciences now help archaeologists to extend their observations with astonishing accuracy.

Oldest Man. Atomic physics, says Brothwell in the current issue of *Discovery* magazine, can take a large share of the credit. When a manlike creature, *Zinjanthropus*, was discovered in East Africa three years ago, geologists from the University of California, using a potassium-argon isotope dating system, were able to show that flat-browed *Zinjanthropus* lived some 1,750,000 years back in prehistory, the oldest manlike animal yet found. By measuring the amount of potassium 40 and its decay product, argon 40, in a digger's find, scientists conceivably can fix an object's age at 50 million years, with a probable error of less than 2%. The radioactive carbon dating system, for which Dr. Willard Libby won a Nobel Prize in 1960, reaches back for only 50,000 to 60,000 years.

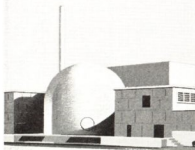
In the archaeologist's kit, there are more than a dozen other methods that allow him to date the objects he uncovers. By measuring the electron emissions from reheated pottery with extremely sensitive instruments, scientists are able to determine when the pottery was first fired. This technique, called thermoluminescence, was used to date Greek pot shards from the Agora, near Athens, back to the 9th century B.C.

Obscure Elements. With the aid of atomic physicists, fragile specimens can now be subjected to chemical analysis without destroying them. At Brookhaven National Laboratory on Long Island, sci-

NEW THINGS ARE HAPPENING IN NUCLEAR POWER AT ALLIS-CHALMERS

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ALLIS-CHALMERS / MILWAUKEE 1, WIS.
POWER FOR A GROWING WORLD

entists have been bombarding archaeological finds with neutrons. Elements in pieces of pottery, for example, are thus made temporarily radioactive; and by observing their radioactivity scientists are able to identify them down to the tiny traces of rare elements. At Oxford and the Naval Research Laboratory in Washington, physicists have bombarded archaeological specimens with electrons, causing the specimens to give off X rays. By running a spectrum analysis on the X rays, the physicists are able to determine just what the specimens are made of. X-ray analysis has already allowed the Oxford researchers to uncover some archaeological

frauds, including some 18th century copies of ancient Chinese porcelains.

"Archaeology," says Brothwell, "is no longer pure excavation. It has matured into a discipline demanding the cooperation of a variety of scientific fields." In their quest to extend history, archaeologists are using proton magnetometers to search for the ancient Greek city of Sybaris. They have used aerial photography to locate Etruscan tombs and to find a lost Andean road that was once part of a pre-Inca civilization. By analyzing the content of bone, they have shown Piltown man for what he was—a forgery that fooled scientists for 41 years.

MILESTONES

Born. To William McCormick Blair Jr., 45, U.S. Ambassador to Denmark and a former law partner of Adlai Stevenson, and Catherine ("Deeda") Gerlach Blair, 30, stately Chicago socialite: their first child, a son; in Copenhagen.

Married. Marie ("The Body") McDonald, 38, sometime Hollywood actress, whose mysterious, never-solved "kidnaping" in 1957 raised eyebrows along with headlines when, after staying lost for 24 hours, she turned up wandering along a highway 150 miles from her home with a tale of being abducted, raped, and tossed into the California desert night; and Edward P. Callahan, 41, a Los Angeles lawyer and banker; she for the sixth time, he for the first; in Las Vegas.

Died. Whiting W. Willauer, 55, a hard-muscled Princeton fullback ('28) turned FBI lawyer, World War II China hand and troubleshooting U.S. diplomat in Central America; of a heart attack; in Nantucket, Mass. Whitey Willauer ran the quasi-military China Defense Supplies Inc., feeding fuel and arms to General Claire Chennault's "Flying Tigers," stayed on after the war to help Chennault organize and run Nationalist China's Civil Air Transport Service, "the most shot at civilian airline in history." Later, as U.S. Ambassador to Honduras, he helped quarterback the 1954 revolution that overthrew the pro-Communist regime of Jacobo Arbenz in neighboring Guatemala.

Died. Elizabeth Ann ("Ma") Duncan, 58, the grey-haired California matron who in 1958 grew so jealous of the 30-year-old nurse married to her son Frank that she paid \$335 to have the woman murdered; of asphyxiation (cyanide); in the gas chamber at San Quentin Prison. Her 33-year-old son, an owl-eyed Santa Barbara lawyer, fought her case through a lurid trial during which she admitted that she had once been madam of a brothel and had married eleven times. "She was," said Frank, "the best mother a boy ever had."

Died. Edward Britt ("Ted") Husing, 60, radio voice of U.S. sports for two decades, whose golden tones and rapid-

fire 400 words-per-minute delivery kept two generations of football, boxing, track and golf fans with their ears to the loudspeaker; after a long illness; in Pasadena. A born and forever-after confirmed New Yorker, Husing tried various jobs, from carnival barker to seaplane pilot, before getting his first chance on radio in 1924, fibbing that he had a Harvard degree, and proving that he could "talk longer and louder" than any of the 600 other applicants for a WJZ announcer's job. In a grand era of such well-remembered voices as Graham McNamee and Clem McCarthy, Husing delighted millions with his coverage, working out phrases ("naked reverse," "a whole host of tacklers") to describe the action for his listeners. At 44, Husing tired of the whirl, decided, "Why shouldn't I make a quarter million dollars a year?" and for a decade was one of radio's highest paid disk jockeys until he suffered a brain tumor in 1954, and, as a friend said, "just seemed to fade away."

Died. Josephine Bay Paul, 61, president of A.M. Kidder & Co., New York's prominent brokerage house, an analytically minded career woman who decided at the death of her first husband, Charles Ulrick Bay, onetime Ambassador to Norway and president of Kidder & Co., that she "couldn't sit back and cut coupons," started taking over his business ventures, succeeded him as a director of the American Export Lines and a year later became the first woman president of a Wall Street firm; of leukemia; in Manhattan.

Died. Ida Cantor, 70, wife of popeyed Comedian Eddie Cantor, his sweetheart from New York's Lower East Side, for whom he belted out the song "Ida, Sweet as Apple Cider," for half a century; of a heart attack; in Beverly Hills.

Died. Florence Lucius Davidson, 75, widow of bush-bearded Sculptor Jo Davidson (TIME cover, Sept. 9, 1946); herself a neo-classical painter with an abhorrence of abstract art, who spent most of her last years arranging exhibitions of her husband's works, turning their Paris studio into a permanent Jo Davidson museum; of a stroke; in Paris.

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U.S. BUSINESS



KENNEDY DISCUSSING THE ECONOMY WITH LABOR CHIEFS^o
A sidewise movement? The pause that recesses?

STATE OF BUSINESS

The Puzzled Economy

When asked to characterize the present state of the economy—is it good? will it get worse?—the men who are closest to it take refuge in jargon. Economist George Cloos of the Chicago Federal Reserve Bank prefers that ripe-sounding phrase “high-level stagnation.” Swift & Co. Economist Willard Arant calls it “high-level stability.” Professor J. Keith Butters of the Harvard Business School thinks that the economy is in “a sidewise movement” after “an inadequate recovery.” One top corporate economist calls the present economy “a rolling kind of thing”; another figures it is in “a sputtering phase”; and still another calls it “the pause that recesses.” Probably the most succinct characterization comes from Chairman Walter S. Baird, of Boston’s Baird-Atomic, Inc., who sighs, “The economy is puzzled.”

Puzzled indeed. As President Kennedy learned when he surveyed and discussed the multitudinous business barometers last week, an expert could study one set of indicators and conclude that the economy would continue to expand, then ponder over another set and conclude that recession looms ahead. Right now the economy is expanding—but not so robustly as many businessmen think it should in this stage of recovery.

Three Concerns. The factory work week during July averaged 40.4 hours, highest for any July since 1950, reported the Labor Department. But the average stood at 40.8 hours in April, has been declining for three months. Personal income rose in July to a record \$442 billion; but that was a disappointing gain of only .3% over June.

Retail sales—up 2% in July to \$19.5 billion—look good, though they are down a shade from April’s record \$19.6 billion. The Federal Reserve Board’s latest survey of consumer buying intentions concludes that spending by the public is beginning to level off. Says University of Michigan Economist George Katona: “The consumer’s mood is sober because of three per-

sistent concerns: the recurrence of recession, the relatively high unemployment, and the cold war.”

Two Possibilities. “We can talk ourselves into a recession if we are not careful,” says General Electric President Gerald L. Phillippe. A number of businessmen believe the economists are too gloomy, and not only because executives often think it is good business to be optimistic. Housing starts have risen 30% from the recession low of early 1961, are now booming along at an annual rate of 1,500,000. Auto sales are brisk, if not so brisk as in 1955. Government spending is rising, if not so fast as a few months ago. Says RCA President Elmer W. Engstrom, whose company enjoyed record first-half earnings: “In the experience we are having, the economy continues to be good. But we sense in the air a certain amount of confusion and uncertainty.” Engstrom’s attitude reflects a widespread ambivalence among businessmen, who report good earnings for themselves, but worry about the worries of others.

John Kennedy’s chief economist, Walter Heller, got out on no limbs, but managed to sound bearish last week. “A continued period of modest upward movements or leveling is one reasonable possibility,” said he. But when he went on to mention another possibility, he came close to violating the unwritten rule that a presidential economist never predicts a recession. Said Heller: “We cannot rule out the alternative possibility that the recent slowdown in expansion represents advance warning of an economic decline.”

Overtime & Moonlighting

In Washington last week, A.F.L.-C.I.O. President George Meany announced that labor would soon start campaigning actively for a 35-hour week. He realized, he said, that it would not come right away, but he figured that labor could get the short week eventually “if we start a drive and make enough fuss.” Or perhaps talking of labor’s future was better than talking about labor’s present. With unemployment high (5.3%) and union mem-

bership waning, labor has been having its troubles at the bargaining table lately. The workingman’s wages—like the businessman’s prices and profits—are rising at a much slower rate than in recent years.

Major labor contracts signed so far this year call for hourly wage boosts averaging 3.2%, whereas in 1957 the average was 5%. In a time of automation-inspired layoffs, labor now fights harder for job-security benefits than for straight wage hikes. The main feature of Walter Reuther’s settlement with the auto makers last fall was an increase in supplemental unemployment benefits. David McDonald’s Steelworkers last spring settled for a many-fringed package of longer vacations, plumper pensions and layoff benefits—but no wage raises. Recent increases in labor costs in many industries have been more than compensated for by higher production per worker. Wages and fringe benefits have risen about 3.8% this year, while productivity gains have averaged about 3% a year since 1947.

Meany justifies the 35-hour week on the theory that companies would have to hire more men. But in the few cases where unions have achieved shorter weeks, management has simply scheduled more overtime work. The celebrated 25-hour week won by New York construction electricians this year (TIME, Jan. 26) works out in practice as 25 hours at straight-time pay and five or ten hours on overtime. Other unions that have got a short week complain that it inspires workers to “moonlight” by seeking out second jobs, thus actually cuts down work opportunities. A widespread adoption of a 35-hour week with 40 hours’ pay—which is Meany’s ultimate aim—might even oblige managers to spend more for automation. It would therefore do little in the long run to cut unemployment.

^o From left, facing camera: Stage & Movie Employees’ R. F. Walsh, Railway Clerks’ George Harrison, A.F.L.-C.I.O.’s George Meany, Kennedy, Building Service Employees’ W. L. McFetridge, N.M.T.’s Joseph Curran, Oilworkers’ O. A. Knight, Painters’ L. M. Raftery, Auto Workers’ Walter Reuther.

CORPORATIONS

Growing with the Mushrooms

The U.S. offer at Geneva to soften its demand for on-site nuclear inspection stations (see THE NATION), is based in part on the careful reckonings of a little-known Boston electronics company. Since its incorporation 15 years ago, Edgerton, Germeshausen & Grier, Inc., has timed or measured every U.S. nuclear blast.

On islands from Eniwetok to Christmas, and in the Atomic Energy Commission's Nevada-based Vela tests to detect far-off nuclear blasts, E.G. & G. has honed its ability to estimate worldwide explosions (by clocking the momentary fluorescence given off). Along the way the company has mushroomed from a fledgling enterprise employing a dozen people to a flourishing corporation with 2,000 employees (70% of them carrying top-level Government Q clearance), laboratories in Boston, Las Vegas and Santa Barbara, and a panoply of scientific equipment and knowledge that this year will gross \$40 million.

Scientific Nonchalance. E.G. & G.'s forte is mastery of "pulse techniques," by which it records the sight and shocks of a nuclear explosion in time-paring millimicro-seconds. In the recent Christmas and Johnston Island tests, 200 E.G. & G. technicians armed with \$3,500,000 worth of equipment took 50,000 photographs of each of 26 explosions, shot some film at speeds of a billionth of a second. They measured such phenomena as fireball temperatures, alpha, beta and gamma rays, eye-burn potential, and the blasts' effect on radio communication. Currently under a \$25 million AEC contract, E.G. & G. is reckoning results, comparing them with earlier tests dating back to 1948, programming findings for AEC computers. Because it can handle such assignments, E.G. & G. is the AEC's highest paid instrumentation subcontractor.



EDGERTON & SONIC GEAR ON CHARLES
Success comes in split seconds.

Edgerton, Germeshausen and Grier first got together in 1934, when Chairman Harold E. Edgerton, now 59, was an M.I.T. professor of electrical engineering and President Kenneth J. Germeshausen, 55, and Executive Vice President Herbert E. Grier, 50, were his research assistants. The three developed a powerful strobe light for high-speed photography, but before they could market it, they were scooped up into World War II research on the atom bomb and sensitive aerial photography. At war's end, they incorporated at the AEC's request. As a small company, the new E.G. & G. let the big AEC worry about finances. Periodically the three gathered up bills and forwarded them to the Government. Recalls Germeshausen: "After all, they had the auditors and lawyers."

Until 1952 the AEC was E.G. & G.'s only customer. Then, aware that bomb testing might have a limited future, the three partners decided to spread out. They hired their own auditors and lawyers, as well as buyers and salesmen, marketed commercial equipment based on 64 patents held among the three partners. Ebulient "Doc" Edgerton, who still teaches at M.I.T., developed an underwater light and camera that functions at depths as great as seven miles, tested it on seven cruises with famed French Marine Explorer Jacques Cousteau (TIME cover, March 28, 1960). And E.G. & G. even found a foreign buyer for its nuclear-testing equipment. Contacted by the French government, it sold measuring devices that speeded De Gaulle's atomic program by several years.

As the company has grown, its business approach has remained scientifically nonchalant. Chairman Edgerton continues to hold business conferences at lunch in the M.I.T. cafeteria, and avoids board meetings whenever he can. Weekends, he uses his own underwater sonic pinger for a scientist's hobby; probing Boston's Charles River for an 800-year-old Viking ship that he believes may lie on the bottom.

"A Long, Long Time." In 1960 E.G. & G. went public, sold 100,000 shares of stock that were grabbed up at \$14.50, and now, after a two-for-one split, stand at \$16 bid. E.G. & G. refuses to pay dividends, plows all profits (\$524,000 during this year's first half) into research and development.

Despite its drive to diversify, E.G. & G. still makes 85% of its sales to the Government. Along with AEC nuclear tests, the company is timing and measuring NASA's nuclear space engine, Project Rover. This week, NASA will also launch a geodetic survey satellite whose blinking light—made by E.G. & G.—will be visible from outer space for ground observers to track. The capriciousness of Government contracting can be costly for a small company; in 1958, after the U.S. declared a moratorium on nuclear tests, E.G. & G.'s contract with the AEC was slashed overnight from \$5,000,000 to \$1,250,000. Today, with tests resumed, E.G. & G. is booming. Says Vice President Grier: "People like us are going to be in style a long, long time. The country is committed now to being prepared."

A MERGER SCOREBOARD

NO U.S. industry is in quite so big a mess as transportation. The nation's major railroads last year earned less than 2% on invested capital, and the big Eastern roads plunged \$66 million into the red. This year times are just as tough. As for the nation's eleven trunk airlines, stuck with too many costly jets and too few passengers, they lost \$5.5 million in 1962's first half, have not turned in a cumulative profit since 1960.

On the proven principle that two together can live cheaper than two separately, railroads are trying to figure out new combinations that would both make money and qualify for federal approval. So are the airlines. The proposed railroad mergers now before the Interstate Commerce Commission would enable the roads, they say, to save \$200 million a year by scrapping duplicate facilities, paring payrolls, and routing trains over the most direct tracks. Similarly, airlines could save tens of millions by pooling hangars, ticket counters and planes, and reducing the frenetic overscheduling of flights.

Not everyone wants mergers. Competing managements resist them. The unions, fearing a wholesale loss of jobs, are dead set against them. Their objections have deeply influenced policies of the ICC and the Civil Aeronautics Board, which tend to approve mergers only if one of the partners is headed for bankruptcy. Just how vigorous the quarrel between unions and railroad management can be was shown last week, when the railroads proposed to lay off 40,000 firemen who, they say, are unnecessary aboard diesel locomotives. The five railroad brotherhoods countered by threatening to call a paralyzing nationwide strike. At week's end, the showdown was averted when the unions won a court order temporarily enjoining the railroads from firing the firemen.

The featherbeds are unlikely to be shaken out overnight. Also chronic are other rail troubles—the competition of trucks, the threat to air and auto travel. The railroads look to mergers for a way out.

THE CONVERGING RAILROADS

Several proposals now before the ICC would bring together relatively strong lines hoping to protect their health. The natural impulse among the railroads—weak and strong alike—is to create a series of big regional groupings. The lineup:

East. Next week the ICC will begin hearings on a merger that would form the country's largest transportation company, with assets of \$4.2 billion. The 9,867-mile PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD and the 10,264-mile NEW YORK CENTRAL have a compelling plea: each is losing money. But combined, they figure to cut 7,800 jobs and save \$75 million a year. The ICC, which moves slower than freight, will take about two years to decide on that application. But two other Eastern mergers are



likely to get the ICC's green light within the next year.

One is the bid by the rich and well-run CHESAPEAKE & OHIO for control of the anemic BALTIMORE & OHIO. The other—designed to compete against a possible C & O - B & O system—is the proposal of the efficient coal-hauling NORFOLK & WESTERN to take over the NICKEL PLATE and then to lease the WABASH to form a 7,400-mile seafreight line with routes west into Missouri and north into Canada. The N. & W. proposal awaits an examiner's report; the C & O bid has won an examiner's approval. The final word is up to the ICC commissioners.

South. Two strong regional lines are developing in the South. The first: the aggressive, 6,267-mile SOUTHERN RAILWAY has received an ICC examiner's approval to pay \$22,655,000 for the 1,745-mile CENTRAL OF GEORGIA. The second system: two healthy, long-haul freight carriers—the ATLANTIC COAST LINE and the SEABOARD AIR LINE RAILROAD—have petitioned to join their parallel systems to save an estimated \$39 million a year.

West. THE GREAT NORTHERN and the NORTHERN PACIFIC, which each own 49% of the BURLINGTON, now want to make a three-way merger, forming the nation's longest system (24,728 miles). G.N. and N.P. say that consolidation would save an estimated \$40 million a year.

Farther south, the SOUTHERN PACIFIC is dickering with the prosperous ROCK ISLAND, whose Midwestern routes would give the S.P. an entree to Chicago and make it more competitive with the mighty SANTA FE. The Southern Pacific is additionally battling with the Santa Fe for control of the moneymaking WESTERN PACIFIC. Supporters of the Santa Fe's bid, including the Western Pacific management, argue that an S.P. victory would

create a rail monopoly in northern California. S.P. President Don Russell contends that S.P. control would "eliminate wasteful duplication of facilities." An ICC examiner's report is due in 1963.

THE TURBULENT AIRLINES

"The railroads got into trouble at 50 m.p.h.," says Eastern Air Lines Chairman Eddie Rickenbacker. "The airlines got there at 300." In the overcrowded skyways of the jet age, loads have dropped to an average 53% of capacity, v. a profitable 64% in pre-jet 1956.

Hardest hit is TRANS WORLD AIRLINES, which had a net loss of \$12.5 million in the first half of this year and eagerly seeks a helpful merger partner. TWA's choice depends on the outcome of a legal tangle with eccentric Industrialist Howard Hughes, who was forced by creditors in 1960 to place his 78.2% ownership of the line into a trust. If trustee-appointed President Charles Tillingshaw comes out on top, TWA will probably be merged into PAN AMERICAN, whose canny President Juan Trippe, 63, has long desired to make Pan Am the nation's only major international airline. A Hughes victory would lead instead to a TWA merger with smaller NORTHEAST, which Hughes rescued from bankruptcy earlier this year. The two sick lines might help cure one another, Hughes will contend, because Northeast's north-south routes and TWA's east-west ones would balance out each other's seasonal fluctuations.

A more momentous merger is up in the air. AMERICAN, the nation's second largest domestic line (after United), has petitioned the CAB to merge with fourth-ranking Eastern to form the biggest U.S. air company. The new line would save a hoped-for \$55 million a year. Such a company would be so powerful that it would



oblige the remaining U.S. lines to find merger mates in order to compete.

The CAB's thoughtful Chairman Alan S. Boyd, 40, a Kennedy appointee, has often indicated that he favors airline mergers as a way to reduce overcompetition. But two weeks ago, Attorney General Robert Kennedy warned the CAB against approving the American-Eastern merger and made clear that he was speaking for his big brother as well. CAB approval would immunize the merger from later antitrust prosecution, but under a law that requires presidential approval of mergers involving international routes, President Kennedy could simply veto it.

Bobby Kennedy's objecting brief was a hard blow to money-lounging Eastern, which last week struggled back into the air after having been laid up for seven weeks by its striking flight engineers. In opposing the merger, the Justice Department said that it wanted to maintain healthy competition. Industry leaders reply that competition can hardly be healthy when nearly half of the nation's airlines are in the red, or close to it. Ultimately, the evolving philosophical argument between efficient mergers and classic antitrust doctrines will have to turn on which does more to promote a vigorous transportation industry.

WORLD BUSINESS

STOCK EXCHANGES

Follow the Leader—Sometimes

When Wall Street had its Blue Monday on May 28, it was followed by a Black Tuesday on most of the world's stock markets from Paris to Tokyo. But while Wall Street has staged a mild summer rally, other stock markets which followed the U.S. down have not followed it up. Foreign bourses have been more concerned with disquieting news at home than with messages from Manhattan.

The West German stock market slumped last week to a three-year low, down 13% since Blue Monday alone, as investors were preoccupied by tarnish on the German miracle—inflation, slackening production and softening profits. Contributing to the German unease is the financial fry of Millionaire Shipbuilder Willy Schlieker (TIME, Aug. 3), whose unexpected tumble set off nervous speculation that more than a few other German postwar "wonder boys" might also be overextended and undercapitalized. Last week a Schlieker spokesman said glumly, "Bankruptcy proceedings have just been opened," involving all 23 Schlieker companies.

In Italy, the government's recent nationalization of the electric power industry and passage of a 15% withholding tax on dividends has kept the Milan *Borsa* from rallying with Wall Street. Even on those stock exchanges where Wall Street still sets the pace, local issues have made for lagging prices. In London, where the *Financial Times* index inched up from 252.8 in late June to 266.7 last week, the

preoccupation was over whether Britain would get in the Common Market; financial analysts predicted a brisk rise in stocks if it does. In France, the worry was whether the government would resort to stiffer taxes, or borrowing, to aid the *piéds-noirs* flocking in from Algeria.

Two big markets abroad were barely affected by Wall Street's fall or rise. On the frenetic Tokyo exchange, stocks have been depressed for months because of the government's stringent credit restrictions aimed at easing the balance-of-payments deficit. And South Africa has so isolated its economy from the rest of the world that there has been hardly a ripple of reaction on the Johannesburg exchange to Wall Street's recent ups and downs. But gold stocks have begun to rise again because speculators remain unconvinced by President Kennedy's dramatic denial that the U.S. would devalue its dollar by raising the price of bullion.

Only on two major exchanges have stocks moved up lately in close harmony with Wall Street: Amsterdam, where 250 of the 2,400 listed stocks are those of U.S. companies, and Toronto, where an abundance of U.S. money is invested.

WEST GERMANY

Ruler of the Roost

"My aim," says roly-poly Friedrich Jahn, 39, "is to become the European Howard Johnson." He is well on the way. Only seven years ago, Austrian-born Jahn was a waiter in a Munich striptease nightclub. Today he runs a money-clinking chain of 111 "Wienerwald" restaurants that serve up spit-roasted chicken, Viennese wine, and recorded zither music to 100,000 customers a day in 58 German cities. Partly because of Jahn's promotional abilities, German consumption of chicken has increased nearly fourfold since 1955 (to last year's average 13 lbs. per person), and West Germany has become the world's largest importer of poultry.

In 1955, with \$3,000 in savings, Jahn leased a run-down Munich tavern, dressed it up with Vienna woods décor and a resoundingly fowl menu. He figured that hearty-eating Germans—who considered barbecued chicken quite a delicacy and were willing to pay \$3 to \$4 for a whole one at a festival like Munich's frothy Oktoberfest—would buy it every day if it were cheaper. To keep his own costs down, Jahn bicycled to the Munich poultry market every morning, haggled for bargains, pedaled back to the restaurant with a load of chicken. His specialty: half a roast chicken for 85¢. The first Wienerwald restaurant was an overnight hit, and Jahn began expanding.

With his chain growing at the rate of three new restaurants a month, Jahn has built three small factories to produce "Viennese interiors" and another to manufacture automatic spits. He also started a



RESTAURATEUR JAHN
Chicken every day.

six-story chick hatchery in Bavaria. (Jahn still buys most of his birds from the U.S., which supplies Germany with 2 million worth of frozen chicken a year.) Jahn has opened Wienerwald restaurants in Belgium, Austria and The Netherlands and will soon branch into Switzerland.

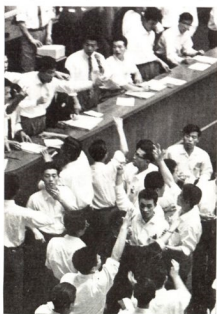
Last year Jahn grossed \$15 million, enjoyed a net of \$375,000. Though Wienerwald menu still consists mostly of chicken in ten different ways, he recently introduced an 85¢ beefsteak. "Man does not live by chicken alone," he says. Jahn himself, having seen so much of it all the time, eats chicken at home only once every few months.

SWEDEN

Bon Soir, Bon Jour

Visiting Stockholm four years ago, Dallas earth-moving Contractor Robert Thompson flipped on a hotel radio, found that he had struck Dullsville. Being a government monopoly, Swedish radio had a heavy accent on culture-worthy classical music. What the Swedes really needed, Thompson, was a competing station offering an easier U.S. blend of pop music, commercials and more news. Dallas Telemundo Thompson decided to provide. Buying a 3,300-ton German coast guard freighter, Thompson renamed it *Bon Jour*, recruited deckhands and a disk jockey surrounded them with broadcasting equipment at a total estimated cost of \$700,000. He anchored the *Bon Jour* a bit more than three miles off Stockholm in international waters, put 20-kw. Radio Ne on the air 18 months ago.

Bon Jour's breezy programs, reaching 200 miles inland, were an instant success. Adventurers flocked to buy time at \$400 a 60-second spot. Listeners tuned in to hear their feet to U.S. jazz and rock 'n' roll. The embarrassed government threatened



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Bears everywhere.



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to confiscate the ship if it sailed into Swedish waters, predicted that Swedes would get bored with Radio Nord once the novelty wore away. This month, after the station had picked up an estimated 2,600,000 listeners, the government finally cracked down.

Obviously to discourage Soviet propaganda ships from using the same trick, Parliament made it a crime for Swedes to supply ships such as *Bon Jour* with either naval stores or advertising copy. Cut off from both necessities, Thompson hauled down his flag. Two other radio ships were also affected. One of them gave up. But the owner of the third, Mrs. Britt Wagner, said defiantly that she had three months' supplies of stores and commercials, would keep on broadcasting.

Said Thompson last week, declining to disclose how much he had made or lost on the venture: "For the sake of international relations, we will stoke up *Bon Jour* and putt off into the night." Building up steam, Thompson achieved at least one thing. Though it still bans commercials, the state radio is playing noticeably lighter music.

SECURITIES

The Profitable Piece Corps

From La Paz to Luxembourg, the mutual fund has turned out to be as exportable a U.S. commodity as Coca-Cola or cowboy movies. And no firm sells mutuals with more vigor than Investors Overseas Services, a Panama-chartered, Switzerland-based company headed by U.S. expatriates that after five years has 20,000 clients in 62 countries. Since its organization in 1956 by Bernard Cornfeld, a pudgy onetime Philadelphia social worker and mutual-fund salesman, I.O.S. has doubled sales every year. This year I.O.S. expects to sell long-term mutual-fund shares and contracts worth \$100 million. Profit last year, after taxes to Panama of only \$300, was \$234,000.

The I.O.S. success, says President Cornfeld, 35, rests partly on the fact that overseas "you're not the 10th fund salesman calling on a client." But it is also due to the doggedness of I.O.S.'s global salesmen. One flew into Portuguese Guinea to sell a prospective client, learned that his quarry was out in the bush, signed up four others before trekking into the bush after the first man. He bought. Another salesman lectured the Addis Ababa Rotary Club on mutuals, at meal's end had even the waiters trying to buy in. A salesman in Italy was less successful; Gangster Lucky Luciano died three days before their scheduled appointment.

Seeking Humor. I.O.S. offers a choice of 80 mutual funds. But the U.S.'s high-rated Dreyfus Fund, whose President Jack Dreyfus let Cornfeld handle his fund abroad to start I.O.S., accounts for 75% of sales. Last week I.O.S. launched a fund of its own, the so-called Fund of Funds, consisting of shares from half a dozen mutuals.

Cornfeld conceived what he calls his

"piece corps" (for piece of industry) during a 1955 Paris vacation. Discovering that 3,500,000 Americans lived overseas, he set out to sell them, using a battered Chrysler convertible as a mobile office and concentrating at first on the G.I. trade. Flourishing, he moved to offices in Geneva, advertised in the Paris edition of the New York *Herald Tribune* for salesmen "with a sense of humor." Among those who hired on were a musician, a veterinarian, a helicopter pilot and an economics student. New salesmen are introduced to the business in five-day cram courses. Commissions range up to 6% of sales; last year's leader earned \$82,000.

Branching Out. Today 70% of Cornfeld's customers are non-Americans. And business is no longer confined to mutuals.



SALESMAN CORNFELD
Shaking customers out of the bush.

One newborn subsidiary is International Life Insurance Co.; Cornfeld's agents will push policies as well as funds.

Living high in Switzerland, Bachelor Cornfeld is hugely satisfied with his worldwide success. Meeting a former social-work classmate recently, Cornfeld was asked what kind of agency he had gone into. Said he: "A preventive agency. We find our people before they're destitute, and do something about it."

COMMODITIES

Tension in Tin

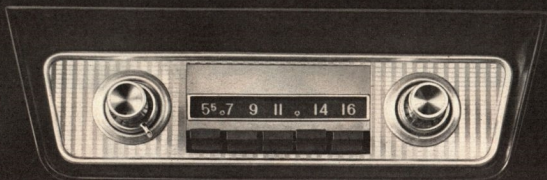
To most people, tin is usually something about to be thrown away; but to the men who know it best, tin is romantic, capricious, volatile—and a very profitable commodity. During the Korean war, speculators from London to Singapore made a killing when tin prices soared to \$2 a lb.; then short sellers grew rich as Russian dumping knocked the price down to

75¢. Gradually the world price inched back to \$1.20, which is just about what it costs the industry's many marginal operators to produce tin. But recently the price sank to a low of \$1.03, and for this the producers—in Malaya, Indonesia, Thailand, Bolivia, Nigeria and the Congo—blame the U.S. Reason: the U.S. announcement last fall that it would sell off 50,000 long tons of tin from its over-loaded strategic stockpile of 341,000 tons. Those 50,000 tons are almost one-third as much as the free world produces in a year.

The market has quivered, waiting for the U.S. to say when and how it would sell so large an amount of tin, and for what price. Despite State Department denials, rumors persist in London (where world price patterns are set) that the U.S. intends to dump its stocks at rock-bottom prices to help out the U.S. steelmakers, who are the prime users of tin (for cans). Equally persistent are contrary rumors that the U.S. will set a high price because it paid relatively high prices for the stockpiled tin and does not want to lose money. The U.S. has another good reason to keep prices up: tin-producing nations (except Malaya) are among the biggest recipients of foreign aid, and a drop in their incomes would inspire demands for more aid.

To prevent wild swings in the prices, the six major producing nations are joined with 14 consuming countries in the International Tin Council. The I.T.C. was able to moderate the Russian dumping by enforcing strict output quotas on its members and by putting pressure on Moscow, which is reluctant to insult the politically sensitive producing nations. But the I.T.C. is not a very toothy dragon because the U.S., which accounts for 23% of the world's annual tin consumption of 215,000 tons, refuses to join on the grounds that the I.T.C. smacks too much of an international cartel. Last month Washington rebuffed an I.T.C. attempt to negotiate price controls on sales from the U.S. surplus stockpile. And it took buying by the I.T.C. itself, increasing its reserves by about 600 tons, to stop the price slide at \$1.03. The London *Economist* complained: "The I.T.C. got a better response from Russia in the crisis of 1958."

This week the U.S. promises to make public the details of its tin disposal program. Washington officials contend that the market will be able to absorb the sales from the stockpile because world production has fallen an average of 26,000 tons short of demand in each of the last four years—largely because of political crises in the Congo and Indonesia. The man who will direct the U.S.'s sales, General Services Administration Executive John Croston, has tried to calm fears of U.S. dumping by saying that the sales would be spaced out over five years, with just enough marketed at any one time to fill the gap between free world supply and demand. But the tantalizing question is what price the U.S. would sell at—and those speculators who guess correctly stand to make tidy sums.



Traveling salesman

Compacts, standard models, sports cars, luxury automobiles roll off the assembly lines by the millions. Some 85% of them have one thing in common. A radio.

No one is more aware of this big, built-in salesman than the automobile manufacturers themselves. Which is probably why they advertise on network radio.

Chevrolet is in the *ninth* straight year of its sponsorship of 12-a-week news broadcasts on CBS Radio. Chrysler, Ford and Studebaker are frequent advertisers on several networks. American Motors, in sponsoring the two U.S. man-in-space shots on two and then

three networks, achieved tremendous coverage and excellent dealer reaction. Since 1954, the Lowell Thomas Monday-Friday news broadcasts on CBS Radio have been sponsored exclusively by a division of General Motors—for the last three years, Oldsmobile.

Car radios, according to recent Nielsen figures (NRI Auto-Plus, May 1962), add a seven-day average of 31.8% to in-home, plug-in set listening in the daytime, and 46.3% in the evening. Auto listening can add as much as 84% to plug-in set listening at home.

Radio travels in other circles as well. For years advertisers were aware of the

mushroom growth of portable radios, especially since the development of transistors. But only recently has this listening been measured. Latest Nielsen figures show that it adds a whopping weekly average of 36% to the millions listening on plug-in sets.

As the size of the measured audience continues to go up, the already low cost-per-thousands continue to go down.

Radio, today, is the closest thing there is to a universal medium. Whether your customers are at home, in their cars or out-of-doors, one persuasive salesman can cover them for you....

THE CBS RADIO NETWORK



"I KNOW what I stand for!"

To be a citizen in good standing these crisis days demands firm opinion, strong conviction.

A man must "share the passion and action of his time," said Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, "at peril of being judged not to have lived."

But passion and action are good

for the nation only if they rest on the rock of KNOWING. If ever they spring from know-nothingism, they can be bad indeed.

To reach that bedrock and KNOW what one stands for takes some doing, more than a swift cram session now and then with that morning's headlines.

To know the news in all its variety and depth is a process, continuing week after week, shifting, changing, never ended.

That process can be exciting and to make it deeply so, some three million people and their families turn unfailingly to TIME.

TIME The Weekly Newsmagazine

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To give you the convenience of a charge account without having to raise their prices or cut their services, these stores—plus many others—are now participating in a new credit service—Uni-card—specifically designed to handle all the many details of a charge plan, cuts the store's cost of processing applications, book-keeping, billing to the bone. So much so that many stores famous for their low, cash prices are now able to offer you the convenience of a charge account without changing their pricing policy.

FLEXIBLE PAYMENTS FOR MAJOR PURCHASES, IF YOU WISH

And, participating in this service enables the store to offer you an advantage over and above charge account convenience.

The application lets you select the amount of credit you want to cover your major purchases. Then, if you wish, you can make extended payments at only 1½% per month on the unpaid balance.

NO SERVICE CHARGE

Naturally, if you choose to pay for your purchase in a reasonable time after your monthly

bill arrives, as with any charge account you may have, there is no service charge whatsoever.

Thus, by applying now you will have a regular charge account in the store of your choice. You also arrange for credit to cover major purchases. And, if you wish, you can make flexible payments at a minimum charge.

WHO WILL BE ACCEPTED

As you must realize, a charge account is a special privilege. It is offered by participating stores only as a convenience to credit-worthy customers. What is more, because the card may entitle the holder to several thousand dollars' credit, it can only be issued in accordance with strict regulations designed to insure its acceptance as an immediate mark of the financial stability and credit integrity of the holder.

Just fill in, detach and mail the simple application below to Uni-Serv Corporation, 104-70 Queens Boulevard, Forest Hills 75, N. Y.

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PLEASE PRINT CAREFULLY IN INK OR TYPE

MR. <input type="checkbox"/> MRS. <input type="checkbox"/> MISS <input type="checkbox"/>	HUSBAND'S FIRST NAME	INITIAL	LAST NAME	AGE	WIFE'S FIRST NAME	DEPENDENTS
HOME ADDRESS			PHONE		SINGLE <input type="checkbox"/> WIDOWED <input type="checkbox"/> MARRIED <input type="checkbox"/> SEPARATED <input type="checkbox"/>	
CITY			EDUC.	HOW LONG	OWNS <input type="checkbox"/> RENTS <input type="checkbox"/>	
IF AT ADDRESS LESS THAN THREE YEARS PLEASE LIST PREVIOUS ADDRESS			CITY		STATE	
AMOUNT OF CREDIT APPLIED FOR: (CHECK ONE) <input type="checkbox"/> \$250 <input type="checkbox"/> \$500 <input type="checkbox"/> \$750			OR FILL IN OTHER AMOUNT OVER \$1000		LOANS AT	
HUSBAND'S EMPLOYER			WIFE'S EMPLOYER			
BUSINESS ADDRESS			BUSINESS ADDRESS			
POSITION			POSITION		HOW LONG	
BANK			BRANCH		REGULAR CHECKING <input type="checkbox"/> SPECIAL CHECKING <input type="checkbox"/> SAVING <input type="checkbox"/>	
FOR OFFICE USE ONLY			OTHER CHARGE CARDS		(1) (2)	
ACCOUNT NO.	NUMBER OF CARDS	APPROVED BY	MAXIMUM AMT.		CARDHOLDER (BUYER) SIGNATURE	
					NAMES OF OTHER AUTHORIZED USERS REQUIRING A CARD	
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A service for stores and their customers. Look for this emblem where you shop.



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RCA's decision-makers feed their 301 tough questions like . . . What will happen to television sales, if 4.7% of the U.S. male population retires at age 55? What would the unit sales of electron tubes be in 1963, if there were a 4% down-turn in disposable personal income, a 2.3% increase in population, and a 5% decline in prices?

The complexities of modern business also require a broad, penetrating picture of the *entire* business world. New trends in marketing, tech-

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CINEMA

Sellersmanship

The Case of the Mukkinese Battle Horn. "A robbery, eh? Anything stolen?" To this slyly astute question, posed by the dryly astute Superintendent Quilt (Peter Sellers) of Scotland Yard, the answer is wryly affirmative and highly sinister. It seems that an international ring of Mukkinese battle-horn smugglers has heisted a Mukkinese battle horn from a museum in London. Description of stolen article: about 20 feet of antique copper plumbing, positively pimply with rubies and emeralds. Looks like an anaconda necking with a nose cone, sounds like a hippo with gastritis, contains a slot for used razor blades.

Where oh where can that battle horn be? The well-aided machinery of the Yard begins to ho-hum. "Police photographers" rush in, set up their cameras, photograph the police. Dragnets are spread. "Calling Car 11 D. Turn left into Oxford Street . . . Calling Car 5 K. Turn right into Oxford Street." Crash! A few frames later a man's suit is found without a man in it. After exhaustive analysis, the lab releases its report: "This suit needs cleaning." Suddenly a stone comes flying through the window and lands on Quilt's desk. "Aha!" cries the master sleuth. "Whoever threw that is just a stone's throw from here!"

Just a stone's throw from there. Quilt taps at the wicket of Maxie's Club.

"Mr. Maxie?"

"Such is my name."

"Sorry to bother you, Mr. Such. Will Mr. Maxie be along?"

"Trying to be name, eh?"

"Aren't we all?"

Indeed we are, and sometimes trying

just a bit too hard, but Britain's Peter Sellers is remarkably cunning about his funning; even when he's trying to get a laugh, he never really seems to be trying, so when he fails he never really seems to have failed. Which may explain why, in this 25-minute snicker at the usual British gumshoe flicker, a miss is as good as a smile.

The Waltz of the Toreadors, the sixth Sellers picture released in the U.S. so far this year, illustrates still another artful dodge of the world's sneakiest Sellersman: he apparently never hesitates to make a poor picture, perhaps on the theory that a brilliant talent is like a diamond necklace—put it on a beautiful woman and who sees it? put it on a turkey and who doesn't?

In *Waltz*, Funnyman Sellers has put his talent on a turkey that, on closer examination, proves to be a plucked peacock. As a play—written by France's Jean Anouilh and played on Broadway by Sir Ralph Richardson and Mildred Natwick—it was a brilliantly dressy slapstick satire: a show most wise and cruel when it seemed most raucous and extravagant. As a screenplay—written by Wolf Mankowitz and directed by John Guillermin—Anouilh's fine-feathered strutter has been sapofied, caponified, shorn of its more splendid plumes of wit and stuffed with a mighty chunk of supererogatory and rashly overcolored celluloid that might have been more sensibly and even profitably employed to blow up the bank that financed this picture.

Still and all, the picture has its moments, most of them preserved from the play. Now and again it offers a good broad gag of its own: "You unqualified lecher!"—"Qualified, General! Trinity, 1880." Now and again, trickling through him as insidiously as an iodine highball, the spectator can feel the cold medicinal irony of Anouilh's attitudes and Anouilh's situation: essentially the moral situation of an aging general (Sellers) who is a lion in battle and a mouse in private life, who has the innocence of a boy and is crushed in his innocence like a fly in a storybook, who dreams like a boy of the angel he will some day wed and is meanwhile married to a monster (Margaret Leighton), who wastes in pity what he might have lived as love and expresses his manhood by chasing the chambermaids and sniggering like a schoolboy.

A pathetic old liplicker, and Sellers portrays him with quite uncanny skill and sensitivity. Though the actor is only 36, he manages, even in the closeups, to dodder and gasp and redden with exertion like a gay old boy on his last legs. What's more important, he clearly understands that the general is much more than merely a pathetic character. In his innocence he is touching, and in his bluff, bewildered courage he is admirable: a failed Quixote, a successful Falstaff.



GABIN MAKING "MONEY"
A wolf with \$20-\$20 vision.

Gulden Opportunity

Money, Money, Money is a how-to-do-it picture from France that demonstrates the easiest way to make money: print it.

The yen to counterfeit comes to a toothless loan shark, a loudmouthed used-car salesman ("The all-time jerk—he belongs in the National Bureau of Standards") and a fatcat brokerkeeper whose place of business has been shut down by the police. "Private enterprise," the pimp complains indignantly, "is being stifled." The salesman, a man with \$20-\$20 vision, sees what might be called a gulden opportunity for creative capitalism: to compete with the Dutch government in the production of currency.

To arrange the details of the deal, the three little pigs import a big bad wolf—a famous funny-moneymen known as *Le Dab* (Jean Gabin). They offer the aged but by no means senile counterfeiter a quarter share in the enterprise. "Two million dollars. Split it four ways and what have you got?" the brokerkeeper purrs. "Twenty years," *Le Dab* snorts, and demands half the loot. Slyly the three little pigs pretend to give in, but secretly they plan to eat high on the wolf before the deal is done. Or will the wolf make a meal of sined pork? Or will the censor insist on cooked goose?

Actor Gabin, who for 30 years was the great lover of French cinema, has developed with age into one of its more subtle comedians. At the same time he is still, at 58, a mesmerically charming man. Impossible not to approve of him, no matter what naughty things he is doing. Impossible not to feel, while watching him play *Le Dab*, that making bogus bills is an admirable career for a man—sort of like helping society to produce more rapid and efficient inflation.



HENRY GROSSMAN
SELLERS IN "HORN" AND "WALTZ"
A turkey with a diamond necklace.





How to give a party (for 30,000 people)

The host was (secretly) *glad* it rained! For every inch of parking space was bumper-jammed when 30,000 people came, despite the weather, to this week-end affair. They were sure of fun for all the family, because WOWO was giving the party.

Crowds at the station's famous "Beach Ball" at Lake James (52 miles from Fort Wayne) reflect a literally unique fact about WOWO, Fort Wayne. It is a *radio* station which delivers bigger audiences than any *television* station in its area! Indeed, so many people tune-in WOWO, it now delivers the 15th largest U.S. Radio Market.

It takes many things, of course, to give a good party; not the least, a genuine affection and concern between host and guests...both ways.

Such affection and concern are the key to all WOWO operations—as they are for all the WBC Radio Stations. You see this at work, in each area, in their influence as *prime-movers* of ideas, goods ...and people.

WESTINGHOUSE BROADCASTING COMPANY, INC.



WBZ-TV, WBZ-TV, Boston; KDKA-TV, Pittsburgh; WJZ-TV, Baltimore; KYW-TV, Cleveland; WOWO, Fort Wayne; WIND, Chicago; KPIX, San Francisco and WINS, New York

BOOKS

Mother Goddam

THE LONELY LIFE (315 pp.)—*Bette Davis—Putnam* (\$5.75).
MARLENE DIETRICH'S ABC (189 pp.)—*Marlene Dietrich—Doubleday* (\$3.95).

When Bette Davis first arrived in Hollywood, she was (by her own account) a mousy, 22-year-old virgin with knobby knees, a pelvic slouch, and cold blue bug-eyes that radiated intelligence. "She has as much sex appeal," lamented her first studio boss, "as Slim Summerville." But in three overworked decades and some 70 overwrought roles, Bette earned two Oscars, \$3,000,000, and a reputation as the first U.S.-born actress to make the movie moguls respect talent and independence in a star. In an age of vamps, she became the Compleat Vixen. But in this autobiography, Bette can (and does) brag: "I brought more people into theatres than all the sexpots put together."

Tamable Shrew. With the ruefulness implicit in her title, but also with honesty and a bitchy bonhomie that seldom adorn such Sunset sagas, Bette Davis, now 54, pictures herself as Mother Goddam, a tamable shrew who never found her Petruchio. Her four marriages suffered inevitably from income-potability. In 1946, Bette Davis earned more (\$328,000) than any other woman in the U.S.; one ex-husband, clearing out with the pretty nursemaid, even sued for alimony. Says she: "The only future marriage I would even remotely consider would be with Paul Getty." But she admits that her own rapturous intensity simply "exhausted" most of her mates. "Many men," she protests, "find their fathers in women. I am the least likely father symbol extant."

Ruth Elizabeth Davis—her stage name was borrowed from Balzac's *La Cousine Bette*—was born in Lowell, Mass., the daughter of an unamiable patent attorney who was divorced from his wife when Bette was seven. Supported by her mother, Bette won two dramatic scholarships in Manhattan, took off for Hollywood with her mother and sister in 1930.

Lady Brando. The potentates at Universal were articulately querulous. Said one: "What audience would ever believe that the hero would want to get *her* at the fadeout?" The turning point of her career came in 1934 when she peroxided her hair and stole the show as Mildred, the mean little waitress in Somerset Maugham's *Of Human Bondage*. Says Davis: "She was the first leading-lady villainess ever played on a screen for real. I was the female Marlon Brando of my generation."

Though she became known as "the Fourth Warner Brother," Stonewall Davis had to fight for literate scripts and intelligent directors. In her most distinguished films—notably, *The Old Maid*, *The Letter*, *The Little Foxes*, *All About Eve*—she played grueling, unsympathetic parts that most other actresses would shun. Today, living in California and Maine, Bette Goddam admits that she



DAVIS IN "BONDAGE"
Triumph for a vixen.

has been "uncompromising, peppy, untractable, monomaniacal, tactless, volatile and oftentimes disagreeable." In a line that only Bette Davis could deliver, on or off screen, she concludes: "I suppose I'm larger than life."

Another show business dowager being heard from currently in print is Marlene Dietrich. Having gracefully graduated from showing her figure in public to the role of public figure (as a glamorous grandmother and crony of the late Ernest Hemingway), Dietrich tries to cash in on both images in *Marlene Dietrich's ABC*. As a result, the book is a kind of uneasy



DIETRICH IN "BLUE ANGEL"
Advice from grandmother.

cross between *Poor Richard's Almanack* and a Lorelei's Advice to the Lovelorn.

Samples:

Age: "... The famous wisdom that is supposed to be ours in age doesn't help us a bit."

Brassiere: "In America something strange has happened. A man will turn his head, or whistle, if that is his fashion, on seeing an obvious contraption, a clearly outlined steel construction under a dress or, even worse, a sweater. This is rather touching and only proves what an idealist man is."

Dishwashing: "... No woman should make her man wash dishes."

Eggs: To scramble, use "room-temperature eggs ... beat with a fork, not with an egg beater."

Gentleman: "A man who buys two of the same morning paper from the door-man of his favorite night club when he leaves with his girl."

Grumbling: "... is the death of love."
Virtue: "... Losing your virtue might be considered virtuous by the fellow you lost your virtue to ... You have to make your own laws about that ..."

Squishops & Jobbernows

YOU ENGLISH WORDS (254 pp.)—*John Moore—Lippincott* (\$4.75).

If a man must go soppy about something—and no doubt a man must—what better object could there be for his daft, uncritical, wife-maddening, friend-alienating affection than the English language? John Moore, a Gloucestershire man who writes light novels (*Dance and Skylark*, *September Moon*), keeps pigs and calls himself an amateur of words, writes agreeably of his lifelong addiction. His most easily recognizable symptom is the logophile's tendency to open his dictionary, innocently intending to check the exact meaning of a word he intends to use to intimidate his publisher, and to become lost there until, hours later, he is discovered grazing happily between scurvy grass (a grassaceous plant) and scutellate (having scutes). With imperturbable pride the author displays his specimens: among the most resplendent are quacker-wodder, rumblegumption, skilligolee, calibogus and jobbernowl.*

In its pleasantly meandering way, Moore's work is an offhand introduction to etymology, a tribute to the language's first lexicographer, Dr. Johnson and a bright rag bag of quotations Moore happens to like. He ridicules the late George Bernard Shaw for his obsession with simplified spelling, correctly observing that tidied spelling would sterilize English of the still traceable ancient origins visible in its words.

Moore writes of joke-words (squarsons and squishops are clerics who are also squires), long words (honorificabilitudinitas, meaning merely "honor"), and grim words (heresy originally meant merely

* Respectively, a puppet, and hence "a politician acting under an outsider's order"; a Scottish word for common sense; a soup for prisoners or sailors; a mixture of rum and spruce beer; and a blackhead.



Our friends are so opinionated

According to the recent WJR-Politz study, most of our 2,183,000 loyal listeners are shockingly biased. 1,132,000 of them, for example, have an absolutely *unshakable* belief that WJR is best for news.

Some 605,000 others are downright obstinate about their preference for WJR's sports coverage. 408,000 more show unflinching loyalties to our homemaking shows; 561,000 to our farm programs; and 641,000 to our tasteful advertising!

Ah well, despite their steadfast prejudices, our friends do have some distinct virtues. Good taste, of course. And maturity—89% are 25 years and older. And dedication—you'll find them listening to

WJR all hours of the night and day. And *money*—and the buying power that goes along with it. And highly developed perceptive powers—they did choose WJR over 174 other stations, after all.

One other thing: although these folks are utterly rigid in their preference for WJR's Complete-Range Programming, you'll find they do have open minds when it comes to the advertising messages they hear. Don't *you* have a product that could use 2,183,000 resolute devotees?

See your Henry I. Christal representative soon. Or give WJR a call.



The measured area of the Alfred Politz media study released September, 1961. This area includes 6,801,000 people—age 15 and older.

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Atlanta • Boston • Chicago • Detroit • Los Angeles
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Our friends are also rather *discerning*, don't you think?



...makes you feel at home

Few things, other than the words "I do," commit you to more responsibility than does the purchase of a house. And, if you're looking for the very first house of your life—if you've been transferred to another city—or if you've earned the right to retire to a place in the sun, you need reassurance all the more. One thing to look into, almost before you look into the living room window of a new house, is the reputation of the builder. Look

for builders who advertise or display their houses as "built with famous products *Advertised-in-LIFE*." The materials you've seen in the pages of *LIFE* are familiar—and competent workmanship usually accompanies well-known building materials. In the area or areas where you may be thinking of moving or building, visit the model homes

which feature the products and services *Advertised-in-LIFE*. You'll probably feel right at home.





"For the money we spent we could have gone to Europe!"

Maybe you've said that yourself after spending more than you ever expected on an ordinary winter vacation at an island resort or down south.

This time why not get some SEE with your sun? Without spending any more time or money (Swissair European Holidays start at \$499) you can take in a bullfight...or ride a camel...or cruise the Aegean Sea...or go on an art spree in Florence...or weekend in an ancient Swiss castle...or swim in the Mediterranean...or do any of the wonderful things you'll find in Swissair's Fall and Winter tours. They all include round-trip jet economy fare from New York, all transportation, first-class hotels, meals, sightseeing and tips.

Iberian Holiday. \$499. 16 days of sun and fun in Spain and Portugal. Your Swissair jet speeds you to Lisbon...city of seven hills. (Outdoor elevators take you up!) Visit famous monasteries, explore a tenth century Moorish castle. Then on into Spain. To noble Madrid. Optional excursion to ancient Toledo. To Granada of the famed Alhambra. To Torremolinos on the blue Mediterranean for sunbathing, swimming. To Algeciras for a look at Gibraltar, via Jerez to old Seville, with its ironwork gates and Arab minarets. Repeat...\$499 complete!

Italian Holiday. \$599. 16 days of seeing and sunning in Switzerland and Italy. Start with a spectacular crossing of the Alps at St. Gotthard Pass to Milan of the Last Supper, the La Scala Opera. To Florence with its Medici Chapel and tombs of Machiavelli and Michelangelo. To Assisi where you see the frescoes of Giotto and on to the Eternal City itself. Several days of feasting on the glories of Rome...artistic,

historic, religious. Cruise to Capri, famous island playground of Europe; visit the Blue Grotto. Walk through the pages of ancient history at Pompeii and see Naples, Cassino, Pisa, Genoa, too...all for \$599!

Mediterranean Holiday Cruise. From \$749. 17 days circling the Mediterranean from Italy to Israel and round through the Greek islands. From Zurich you travel to Milan and Genoa where you board the S.S. *Cesare* for a 12-day cruise with all the extravaganzas of shipboard life. Deck games, parties, films, dances and deck chair sunning while you watch the ship's wake ripple off in the distance on the incredibly blue Mediterranean. Fascinating ports of call and sightseeing excursions at Naples, Pompeii, Crete, Jerusalem, Tel Aviv, Haifa, Nazareth, Piraeus, and Athens. Land at Marseilles, travel to Nice and sightsee along the French Riviera to Geneva. Air fare, tour, cruise all for just \$749!

Greek Holiday. \$799. 16 days of discovery in Greece and Switzerland, too. Visit Lucerne with its 14th century covered bridge...surrounding lakes...Zurich. (You've even time to shop on the famous Bahnhofstrasse.) Then to Athens where you see the Acropolis and the Parthenon, the Temple of Zeus, the Byzantine Museum and the Stadium. At Sounion you visit the Temple of Poseidon overlooking the Aegean, travel on to Corinth where St. Paul established a mission. To Olympia where the ancient games were played, and on to Delphi, site of the famous oracle. Then a full day's boat excursion to the picturesque island of Hydra as a wind-up. \$799 inclusive!

Canary Islands Holiday. From \$685. 17 days of touring, cruising, resorting. Arrive at Lisbon for three days of sightseeing in and around the beautiful capital city. Then a three-day cruise to Santa Cruz de Tenerife with a call at Madeira, famous for its wine and laces. Six full days at Tenerife, extraordinary island with snow-covered mountains and semi-tropical sea level climate. (Complete with camels!) Where else in the world can you ski in the morning and swim in the afternoon? Sail, fish, water ski, golf, dance. All this for as little as \$685 complete and will you ever wow the Joneses!

So get some SEE with your sun this trip. Write for the tour folders that interest you most. Can't decide? Don't be bashful—send for them all! (And ask about the **Helvetian Holiday**...16 extraordinary days inside the Switzerland most tourists never see.) Ask your travel agent about Swissair Tours or send coupon today.

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AS A SALES MANAGER

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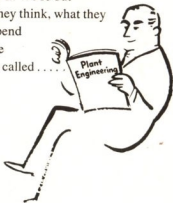
INFORMATION.

Advertising people hunger for facts. Not just reports, sales statistics, product information.

We're talking about the fresh, first-hand experiences your men have with customers every day in the field. What did the buyer say about your new design? What were his words? How does the salesman sell your product? What appeals does he use?

As sales manager, you're a clearing house for field information. The kind that's fresh. And current. And pertinent. Pass it along and watch it inject new life in your advertising.

As a publisher, we can help. We're a clearing house, too. And if your product is part of the plant, its services, its systems, we can tell you a lot about the plant engineers who buy it. We're out talking to them every day. We know what they think, what they buy, and whose products they prefer. We spend a lot of time and money finding out. Because we publish their magazine every month. It's called



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by the men who design,
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"private opinion," and in the shift of meaning to "private, sinful error" can be read a whole history of religious persecution. Sometimes he errs; the grisly U.S. neologism "finalize" means to confirm a tentative decision—not to finish. But the book is delightful, and to say more of its faults would be to make mountains of oontitoompes (Gloucestershire rural slang for molehills).

"Find Livingstone"

THE SCANDALOUS MR. BENNETT (335 pp.)—Richard O'Connor—Doubleday (\$4.95).

Press lords, like great generals, are expected to be a trifle mad, but the maddest of the lot, and one of the lordliest, was James Gordon Bennett Jr. Of the two James Gordon Bennetts (the father founded the *New York Herald*, the son added the *New York Evening Telegram* and the Paris edition of the *Herald*), Elmer Davis once wrote that "they invented almost everything, good and bad, in modern journalism."

Bennett the elder was a crabbed Scot who founded the *Herald* in 1827. The newspapers of the time were timid and dull, sycophants to power, lively only when used by their editors for inter-paper squabbling. Bennett, armed with the heretical notion that a newspaper should be "impudent and intrusive," invaded two untouched news areas—finance and society—exposing the market swindles of the moneyed and reporting with little respect the social pretensions of their wives. On dull days, he twitted blue noses; one editorial guffaw at unmentionability taunted: "Petticoats—petticoats—petticoats; there, you fastidious fools, vent your mawkishness on that." Old Bennett was horsewhipped with a frequency startling even for a time when this was a customary way for readers to suggest disapproval. He showed little resentment of the whippings and reported them fully.

Naked Horseman. By 1841, when James Gordon Bennett Jr. was born, his father was on his way to becoming rich. The boy was raised like an Asiatic prince, and the training took firm hold; he lived like one for the rest of his life. Onetime Newspaperman (*New York Mirror*) Richard O'Connor tells his story well in this appropriately splashdash biography.

Young Bennett lived in Europe for most of his childhood; his mother could not abide the ostracism of a polite society that noticed her husband only when it horsewhipped him. Returning to New York as a tall, well-built, unbelievably arrogant young man, he eagerly took up both whoring and yachting, and when not thus occupied careered recklessly around Manhattan in a coach-and-four. He liked to handle the reins himself—on occasion, while stark naked.

By his mid-20s, Bennett's only accomplishment was the winning of a transatlantic yacht race. But at his father's insistence, he put in some time in the *Herald* city room. There was no nonsense, of course, about starting from the bottom. When he was 26, his father retired,



BENNETT JR.



NEW YORK HERALD BUILDING

For a man born to command, a horsewhipping makes news.

and he took over—not so much by settling down to hard work as by stirring the *Herald* to his own pitch of capriciousness. As he was to do throughout his lifetime, he hired and fired people according to whimsey, and terrorized staffers with a system of office spies (called "White Mice" by their victims).

Bad Grace. One of his decrees was that all *Herald* troops were to be clean-shaven and short-haired. During a stay abroad, he received information from one of the White Mice that a long-haired music critic had just been put on the payroll. TELL MELTZER TO CUT HIS HAIR, he cabled back. Meltzer refused. Bennett meted out his punishment by cable: SEND MELTZER TO ST. PETERSBURG.

But only half of Bennett was nonsense. Earlier than anyone else, he saw the value of spending freely to get news. He chartered launches to meet incoming liners from Europe and cheerfully paid vast cable bills for full accounts of distant sensations. By the time he was 35, the *Herald* was easily the best paper in the U.S., and no one was surprised when it scored a four-day beat by printing the complete news—denied by the War Department—of Custer's annihilation at Little Big Horn. It was part whim and part genius that prompted him to tell an obscure correspondent named Henry Morton Stanley to search Africa for the missing missionary, Dr. David Livingstone.

Typically, Bennett took it with bad grace when, two years later, Stanley actually found Livingstone (who, incidentally, had not been aware that he needed finding) and became famous overnight. Bennett's cable of congratulations, which Stanley received during a leisurely and triumphant return to the U.S., read: STOP TALKING, BENNETT.

The Lost Owl. The publisher introduced polo to the U.S., won a walking match and a \$6,000 purse, and built the Newport Casino after being barred by an exclusive club, the Reading Room, for riding his horse into the front hall. His personal income approached \$1,000,000 a

year, and he had no trouble finding all the companionship he wanted among the girls of the Tenderloin. But at 35, he became engaged to Caroline May, a Maryland society girl. Perhaps thinking better of this, he got drunk at a New Year's party at his fiancée's New York home. Here accounts differ. Some say that, in full view of everyone, he urinated into the fireplace. Others say he urinated into the grand piano. The engagement was off. Bennett and the girl's brother fought (half-heartedly) the last duel in the U.S., and the publisher exiled himself to Europe.

There, while keeping a tyrant's control of the parent paper, he founded the *Paris Herald*. Typically, the sheet was eccentric (for some reason, Bennett was amused by a letter written by an "old Philadelphia lady" who wanted to know how to change centigrade degrees to Fahrenheit; the letter ran, without explanation, in every issue until Bennett died 18 years later). Typically also, under his editorship, the *Herald's* Paris edition became one of the best papers on the Continent.

The *New York Herald* covered the Spanish-American War far better than the papers of Hearst, whose jingoism touched it off. Its circulation swelled to more than half a million. But when Hearst forced Bennett to stop publishing a hugely profitable page of classified ads inserted by prostitutes (the columns were nicknamed "The Whores' Daily Guide & Compendium") the paper went into a decline. In 1920, the limping *Herald* (along with the *Evening Telegram* and the *Paris Herald*) was sold for \$4,000,000. Bennett had been dead for less than two years.

The only flaw in the Bennett legend is that he did not get the mausoleum he wanted. This was to be a statue, 200 feet high, in the shape of an owl (Bennett liked owls). It was to be far grander than Grant's tomb on Riverside Drive (Bennett did not like Grant). But Architect Stanford White, who was supposed to design the bird, got himself shot by Harry Thaw. Bennett lost interest, and Manhattan lost an owl.

TIME LISTINGS

CINEMA

The Best of Enemies. A comedy of military errors, starring David Niven and Alberto Sordi as World War II officers who do practically everything but fight.

A Matter of WHO. Britain's Terry-Thomas plays a dewy-eyed bloodhound from the World Health Organization who goes bugging after a migratory virus and turns up the trail of a swindler.

War Hunt. Set in war-torn Korea, is about a war lover, a man for whom war is not hell but home. How this leads to the corruption of an innocent Korean boy is only one among many strata of meanings explored in this low-budget film made with high intelligence and high art.

Hemingway's Adventures of a Young Man. The young man is Hemingway, as he saw himself in the Nick Adams stories, which are here assembled in a charming, rambling, romantically melancholy tale of a boy attempting to get away from mother and become a man. Paul Newman, in a minor role, adds several impressive new wrinkles to Hollywood's standard portrait of a cauliflower ear.

Strangers in the City is a brilliantly abrasive social shocker about a Puerto Rican family living in the rat-infested lower depths of Manhattan's Spanish Harlem. Rick Carrier's script, cast, and camera work have a harsh-trained honesty.

Bird Man of Alcatraz. One of the strangest cases in U.S. penal history is that of Robert F. Stroud, who spent 43 years in solitary confinement. As the convict murderer who became a bird expert behind bars, Burt Lancaster gives the finest performance of his career.

Ride the High Country and Lonely Are the Brave are off-the-beaten-trail westerns about men—Joel McCrea and Randolph Scott in *Country*, Kirk Douglas in *Brave*—who attempt to forget the gall of the world in following the call of the wild.

Boccaccio '70. Eros in Italy, interpreted by three top Italian directors (Vittorio De Sica, Federico Fellini, Luchino Visconti) and three top-heavy international stars (Anita Ekberg, Sophia Loren, Romy Schneider).

The Notorious Landlady is Kim Novak, and her tenant, Jack Lemmon, does not ask for anything more until Scotland Yard prods him into a situation in which he makes some horribly funny discoveries.

Lolita. Any resemblance between this film and the novel is accidental and inconsequential. The partners in this esthetic crime include Author-Scripter Nabokov, Director Stanley Kubrick, and Co-Leads James Mason and Sue Lyon. The genius of Peter Sellers' saves some scenes, and might have saved the movie if he had been cast as Humbert Humbert.

TELEVISION

Wed., Aug. 15

Howard K. Smith News and Comment (ABC, 7:30-8 p.m.).^{*} A critical look at the U.S. architectural landscape: "Is America Ugly?"

Focus on America (ABC, 8-8:30 p.m.). Los Angeles between dusk and dawn, the portrait of a city through the night.

^{*} All times E.D.T.

Thurs., Aug. 16

Accent (CBS, 7:30-8 p.m.). Poet John Ciardi will host a visit to three San Francisco *boites*—the hungry i, the Roaring Twenties, The Drinking Gourd.

The Lovely Ones (NBC, 9:30-10 p.m.). Vic Damone and Guests André Previn, the Limelitters, Dorothy Loudon and others.

Americans: A Portrait in Verses (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). A special on American poets with readings from the works of T. S. Eliot, Robert Frost, Carl Sandburg and Edgar Lee Masters by Peggy Wood and Kim Hunter, among others. James Whitmore will narrate.

Fri., Aug. 17

The Tennessee Ernie Ford Show (ABC, 11-11:30 a.m.). Ernie chats with Attorney General Robert Kennedy about his family life, hobbies and sports activities.

Sun., Aug. 19

Issues and Answers (ABC, 4-4:30 p.m.). The issues are nuclear testing, the Berlin situation and other diplomatic dilemmas; the answers are offered by Senator Fulbright, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee.

The Twentieth Century (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.). A report on the 1938 Munich pact with Sir Ivone Kirkpatrick, who, as First Secretary of the British embassy in Berlin during the period, was an eyewitness to that particular prelude to war.

The Ed Sullivan Show (CBS, 8-9 p.m.). Sullivan, who has just about exhausted all the known talent in his sphere, turns to some unknowns with the first of a series of shows introducing young performers who have never appeared on TV before.

Mon., Aug. 20

Where Do We Go from Here? (CBS, 10:30-11 p.m.). The first of a five-day series exploring the U.S.'s major economic problems. David Schoenbrun will host. Professor John R. Coleman of Carnegie Tech will narrate, and leading experts will be interviewed.

THEATER

There is no pleasanter time to go Broadway show-shopping than the summer. The productions are seasoned, the fare is varied, and tickets to most attractions are enticingly easy to get. Top dramatic playbills go to *The Night of the Iguana* and *A Man for All Seasons*. *Iguana* is Tennessee Williams' gentlest play since *The Glass Menagerie*, and the wisest play he has ever written. *Seasons* is a play of wit and probity about a man of wit and probity, Sir Thomas More. On the comedy front, *A Thousand Clowns* lives up to its title, and rings merry changes on the slightly tired subject of nonconformity. In its second season, Jean Kerr's *Mary, Mary* remains a wisecracking funfest.

A clutch of musicals caters to the best and worst of tastes. The astringent wit of Abe Burrows fuses *How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying*, and the impish energies of Robert Morse provide the explosive for an evening of great delight. Multi-aptituded Zero Mostel brings his masterly clowning to *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum*, an uproarious burlesquerie, lewdly adapted

from some plays of Plautus. And there is still plenty of verve and joy left in the *grande dame* of Broadway musicals, *My Fair Lady*.

In the off-Broadway showstages, *Brecht on Brecht* is the intellectual class of the field, an ingeniously sifted sampling of the poems, aphorisms and dramatic excerpts of a master of 20th century theater. Mixing surrealism and college humor, young (25) Arthur Kopit has mounted a splendidly zany attack on Mom behind the jaw-breaking title, *Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mamma's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad*. Having recently crossed the 500 mark in performances, Jean Genet's audacious, exotic, unsentimental and eloquent dramatization of the color question, *The Blacks*, is still being enacted with undiminished zest and style.

BOOKS

Best Reading

Letters of James Agee to Father Flye. Revelations of a young writer's agonizing struggle to discipline his talent, as told to a kindly confidant.

The Inheritors, by William Golding. In a fascinating display of imagination the author of *Lord of the Flies* delves into prehistory to tell how a pathetic band of apelike Neanderthals is exterminated by a terrifying new breed—man himself.

Rocking the Boat, by Gore Vidal. A one-time boy novelist, now become playwright and part-time politician, shies a few rocks at an assortment of U.S. ideas and institutions.

Letting Go, by Philip Roth. An over-long but powerful novel shows off a sharp eye for irony and a fine ear for dialogue but fails to make the goings-on of the youthful characters seem significant.

Death of a Highbrow, by Frank Swinerton. In this excellent novel by an author who has never had the recognition he deserves, an eminent man of letters relives a literary feud with a dead rival and decides the man was not so much his enemy as his friend.

The Reivers, by William Faulkner. The Southern writer's final work is an outlandish comedy filled with bittersweet reminiscences from his earlier novels.

Saint Francis, by Nikos Kazantzakis. Never has Francis suffered so poignantly, or been treated so compassionately.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *Ship of Fools*, Porter (1st week)
2. *Youngblood Hawke*, Wouk (2)
3. *Dearly Beloved*, Lindbergh (3)
4. *The Reivers*, Faulkner (4)
5. *Uhuru*, Kuark (7)
6. *Another Country*, Baldwin (6)
7. *The Prize*, Wallace (5)
8. *The Agony and the Ecstasy*, Stone (8)
9. *Franny and Zooey*, Salinger (10)
10. *Letting Go*, Roth

NONFICTION

1. *The Rothschilds*, Morton (1)
2. *My Life in Court*, Nizer (2)
3. *One Man's Freedom*, Williams (7)
4. *Men and Decisions*, Strauss (9)
5. *The Guns of August*, Tuchman (4)
6. *Sex and the Single Girl*, Brown (6)
7. *In the Clearing*, Frost (3)
8. *Vecek—as in Wreck*, Vecek
9. *O Ye Jigs & Juleps!*, Hudson (10)
10. *Conversations with Stalin*, Dijas (5)

TIME, AUGUST 17, 1962

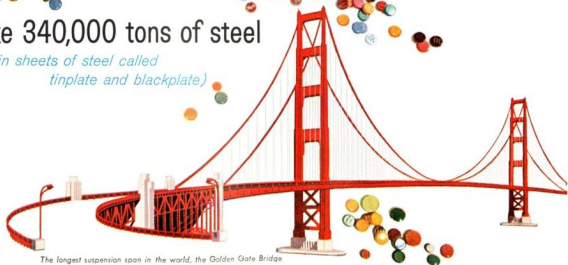
100 billion crown caps and closures a year

(to protect the good things we eat, drink, and use)



take 340,000 tons of steel

*(thin sheets of steel called
tinplate and blackplate)*



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